HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVI.—No. 1861. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

TAKING AN OBSERVATION ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY *is the best existing illustrated history of the year. . . . It should be in the library of every man who wishes to preserve a record of the world's progress and to refresh his mind about the course of men and affairs.*"—N. Y. Herald.

SOUTHERN POLITICS.

THE result of the recent State election in Alabama has been interpreted in various ways. The Democrats see in the victory of the regular Democratic candidate for the Governorship an assurance that the Farmers' Alliance will not be strong enough in the Presidential election to turn the State against Mr. CLEVELAND. Some Republican papers argue that since in the August election of 1888 the Democratic candidate had a majority of 111,203, and Mr. CLEVELAND in November only 61,123, the same proportion of loss this year would change the Democratic majority into a decided minority. This calculation is likely to prove erroneous. The Democratic majority has indeed suffered a very serious reduction. But this very circumstance will incite the Democrats to renewed exertion, and the probability is that by earnest work they will at least keep up their August majority in the November election.

The most important feature, however, of the Alabama election consists in the fact that a very large number of colored men voted on the Democratic side. This means not only that many negroes have concluded to identify themselves as much as possible with the most respectable and influential class of the Southern whites, which, with few exceptions, no doubt adheres to the Democratic party, but also that the trouble about the negro vote in the South may now be considered to be in the course of natural and ultimate adjustment.

There were two different motives which after the close of the civil war prompted the endowment of the colored race with the right of suffrage. One was that the emancipated slave should be armed with political power as a voter to protect his newly acquired rights. The other was the belief that the emancipated slaves might be depended upon to use their suffrage only in favor of the party that had secured it to them, and that by means of the negro vote many if not most of the Southern States would be made Republican strongholds. The first was the motive of the philanthropist and of the statesman; the second, that of the partisan. The immediate result gratified the partisan, but disappointed the statesman. A lot of unscrupulous self-seeking Republican politicians, partly immigrants from the North—"carpet-baggers"—partly natives of the South—"scalawags"—put themselves at the head of the negro voters, carried the elections for the Republican party, and established in some of the Southern States governments the rapacity and profligacy of which had never been equalled in this country. The Southern whites, unable long to endure this systematic spoliation, resorted to expedients of force and fraud to nullify the negro majorities. Presently they succeeded. The Republican party lost the Southern States one by one, and they became Democratic again.

Thus the partisan politician and the statesman were equally disappointed. But the failure of the partisan politician was the most complete. The carpet-bag governments had made Republican ascendency in the South synonymous with "negro supremacy" and unbearable misrule, and it is evident that the Southern whites, at least in the States with large negro populations, will recoil from nothing to prevent its recurrence. This is a lawless condition of things which we must deplore, but the reasons for which we cannot disregard in looking for a remedy. All remedial schemes that had the re-establishment of the Republican party in view have necessarily failed, as the "force bill" of the last Congress would fail if it became a law. It would only serve gravely to disturb the relations between the whites and the blacks, which, in the course of years, have greatly improved, and thrust the poor and ignorant negroes into a hopeless struggle with a race vastly their superior in wealth, intelligence, and resolution.

But it has long been clear to the impartial observer that the Southern whites would cease to obstruct the negro vote as soon as the fear of negro supremacy vanished—in other words, as soon as the negroes ceased to vote as a solid mass for anything labelled Republican, and divided their votes between the different parties. The colored citizen would then become an object of solicitude, and find ample protection for his rights on both sides. This is what has now happened in Alabama, and if it is true that the negro vote cast for the Democratic ticket has been equivalent to the whole Democratic majority, the colored voters have earned the gratitude of the Democratic party for a very important service rendered in a critical emergency. If negroes in other Southern States do as they have done in Alabama, the trouble will be substantially over, and the negro vote will soon be cast throughout the whole South without molestation.

It is true, it will then not turn over any of the Southern States to the Republican party. The expectation of the Republican party politician will remain sorely disappointed. But it is much more important that a very troublesome problem should solve itself in a natural and peaceable manner than that this or that party should have the benefit of the solution. The Republicans will have to make up their minds to the fact that if the "solid South" is to be broken, it must be done through the votes of the white population. It is indeed devoutly to be wished that all political divisions upon geographical lines or groupings of a sectional character should disappear. And there is no doubt that much greater progress would have been made in this direction had not Republican partisan ambition kept alive in the South the fear of negro domination, and thus interfered with the disintegration of the overgrown dominant party, which disintegration, owing to new interests and aspirations, has several times begun, but, so far, always stopped before accomplishing definite and durable results.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE President has named the commissioners of the United States to attend the International Monetary Conference to be held at the invitation of our government. Neither the date nor the place of meeting has been announced, but it is understood that the conference will be held this fall in some one of the cities of Europe. The President's appointments are, on the whole, quite up to the very respectable standard that he has established for the superior offices. They embrace Senator ALLISON of Iowa, Senator JONES of Nevada, Representative MCCREARY of Kentucky, Mr. H. W. CANNON of New York, and Professor FRANCIS A. WALKER of Massachusetts. Politically, they are three Republicans, one Democrat, and an Independent. Senator JONES represents the free coinage element in the party of the administration. Mr. ALLISON is what may be called a conservative "silver man," as Mr. MCCREARY is understood to be. Mr. CANNON and President WALKER are understood to favor international bimetalism, but to be heartily opposed to any effort by our government alone to maintain the free coinage of silver. There is no gold monometalist on the commission, and, considering the purpose of the conference and the position of the United States government, there is no reason why there should be. That side of the monetary question will have enough advocates, and of sufficient ability, in any body where England, Germany, and Austria are represented.

The purpose of the conference is to consider the means by which the use of silver in the currencies of the world can be extended. Its ultimate purpose is to study the means, if any there be, by which the market value of silver can be made stable at a higher rate than it now bears, or at least at the present one. The use of silver as money will be considered with reference to this result. Since 1878—that is, for the past fourteen years—the United States is the only powerful financial nation that has made any effort in this direction. As the conference is proposed by our government, the history of that effort and the situation in which the United States finds itself at present will necessarily form the basis of the discussions of the conference. Undoubtedly these will be presented fairly and intelligently by our commissioners, who include three members of the national Legislature who have taken part in the legislation enacted; one banker of high standing, Mr. CANNON, who, also, as Comptroller of the Currency, became intimately acquainted with the course of government finance; and our eminent political economist President WALKER, whose studies have been especially directed to the question of money. But while we may be sure that the account of the experience of the United States will be fairly and accurately presented, the real motive that has brought about our legislation will not be stated, since it is political, not to say partisan, and cannot properly be exposed to the criticism of outsiders. Nor can we expect that such statements as can be made will be likely to convince the representatives of foreign governments that we have discovered any method of attaining the end which they are invited to seek.

We began in 1878 by the so-called BLAND-ALLISON bill, which was a substitute proposed by Mr. ALLISON for the BLAND bill that had been defeated. It provided for the coinage of not less than $2,000,000 worth per month of silver into "standard" silver dollars at the ratio of a little less than 16 to 1. These coins are full legal tender for all debts, public and private; they might be deposited with the government and exchanged for certificates, which are a legal tender to the government, but not by the government. In 1890, this law having entirely failed to restore the price of silver, another was passed providing for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver per month, for the purchase-price of which there are issued "Treasury notes," which are a full legal tender. The silver purchased may be coined to redeem these notes on demand, which, of course, did not happen until the silver in a coined dollar was worth more than the price paid for the same quantity of bullion. The law contains a declaration that it is the policy of the United States government to maintain the parity of the two metals (gold and silver) at the legal ratio. The net result of this legislation, so far as the market value of silver is concerned, is absolute failure. On the day that the appointment of the commissioners was announced, the price of silver in New York was 84½ cents per ounce, and the value of the silver in a legal-tender silver dollar was 64 cents. A few days before, on the 1st of August, the United States Treasury had in standard dollars $357,384,873; and in bullion, at cost price, $80,479,594 22, or in all, $437,864,467 22 of silver. It had outstanding in silver certificates, $331,809,304; in Treasury notes, $105,566,170; in legal-tender United States notes, $346,681,016; or a total of paper of $784,056,490. By the only practical interpretation of the law of 1890 this mass of paper must be redeemed in gold if gold is wanted, for the moment that gold was asked for and silver given, the paper redeemable in silver would fall below par, and the avowed requirement of the law would be violated. To meet this obligation the Treasury has only the $100,000,000 of gold reserve, and in free gold but $10,444,391 66.

This is not a cheerful showing to make to the conference. What are our commissioners to ask of those of the other governments of the world? Free coinage of silver and gold at a common ratio? That is the dream of the most conservative and only rational bimetalists. But at what ratio? At 15½ to 1, the traditional European ratio; or 16 to 1, that of the United States; or 25 to 1, which is the actual ratio in the open market? The mere statement of the question suggests the practical impossibility of an agreement. Great Britain, with London as the banker of the world, on a gold basis; Germany, with its gold basis adopted so recently and at so great a sacrifice; Austro-Hungary, with its plan for adopting a gold basis just being put in operation; the Latin Union, with its mints closed to the coinage of silver when silver was worth 25 per cent. more than it is worth now—from among these powers where is to come the support for such a proposition? The task before the American commissioners is formidable. There is but one of them who will face it with a light heart. Senator JONES will feel that the financial millennium can be had for the asking by the mere offer of the free coinage of silver; but his faith is that of the Second Adventist in finance.

SUMMER TRANSIT.

ONE of the New York newspapers has just published an interesting account of the effects of the heat upon intermural transit, from which it appears that hot weather keeps people at home. The people who are able to spend the summer at watering-places, and whose procedures occupy so much of the space of the journals during the fervid season, are, after all, numerically considered, a very insignificant fraction of the population of a great town. The great majority of men are tied to their business during July and August as closely as during December and January, and their recreations are brief excursions that entail the loss throughout the whole summer of a very few days only. The human movement goes on in this season as during any other. When, therefore, the superintendent of the elevated roads sets forth that there is a very marked diminution of travel when the weather is hot, and that the unusually protracted heat of the present summer has made this diminution unmistakable, the statement becomes a social document of considerable importance. It proves that, unattractive as are the conditions of summer life in the tenement-houses that lodge a great majority of the population of New York, the inhabitants of these houses find it better to abide in them, with all their discomforts, than to go abroad when the dog-star rages, and fly to ills they know not of in search of coolness.

It might be supposed that the surface cars would attract a larger part of the travelling public in New York than usual when the elevated stations lie baking in the sun, and the climb to them presents unusual terrors. In fact, some of the surface lines report a diminution of travel, while others set forth a positive increase. Nevertheless, whoever goes about New York must be aware that a larger proportion of the general movement is carried on in summer than in winter by the horse-cars. The open car, indeed, when it is not over-crowded, is by much the most comfortable public conveyance accessible to New-Yorkers. DISRAELI fantastically and happily called the hansom "the gondola of London"; and it would not be very wrong to describe the open horse-car in midsummer as the gondola of New York. It is open, and whatever air may be stirring finds its way in; and there is provision, which the elevated roads have not as yet made, for smokers; while the more leisurely rate of progress is a positive attraction in the heated days for those who can spare the additional time.

The humane traveller who finds the horse-car suited to his summer needs must be very grateful for the brief outings it affords to people who can afford no other. On hot days and hot nights mothers betake themselves to it with wan and suffering babies, to whom in this way they are enabled to give comparatively fresh air, the circulation of which is promoted by the movement. But the humane traveller must also be touched and grieved by the troubles of the unhappy animals that draw this commodious vehicle. For though commodious, the open horse-car is a very heavy and lumbering conveyance, apparently outweighing by one-half the closed car that is used in cooler seasons, and this unusual burden is put upon horses that are peculiarly out of condition to deal with it. The mortality among car-horses in New York this summer has been very frightful, considering the amount of physical suffering to sentient beings that it implies, and must have been quite beyond precedent. The precautions that have been taken have been mainly for the comfort of passengers rather than of horses, and have consisted of a relay of fresh horses every half-mile or so to

replace exhausted animals. In spite of this, no passenger on the Third Avenue on any of the most oppressive days of July and August can have escaped the grewsome spectacle of dead car-horses strewn at intervals along his route. On one line it has been reported that no less than fifty horses perished in one day. What makes this sacrifice sadder is the presumption that it was quite unnecessary. Two lines adopted the rational and humane device of thoroughly "spraying" their horses as soon as they were released, and this device is said to have been so efficacious that neither line lost a single animal by heat. It seems strange that so simple and so effective an expedient should not have been introduced upon all the lines, as would have been done under compulsion, if enlightened self-interest had been unequal to it, in the time of the zealous and lamented Mr. BERGH.

Upon the whole, however, the contemplation of the summer car-horse is calculated to make us look forward with relief to the prospect of his supersedure. The cable does not suffer from heat nor die in the roadway. With the introduction of a swifter and better motor than horse-power, we may expect the development of the open surface car to go on, until it is hailed by everybody as a real mitigation of the discomforts of a heated term in the city.

THE SUSPENDERED GIRL.

A FEW sporadic cases of the suspendered girl, we are told by one learned in the lore of fashion, were reported in America last year, but it was not till the beginning of this summer that the suspendered girl became epidemic. When the warm weather came and the protecting jacket was cast aside, the girl with suspenders that did not suspend anything was regnant everywhere. On ferry-boats and cars, at picnics and in the streets, and even at church, the girl with her "galluses" was conspicuous. To show that she had a full appreciation of the many uses to which this article could be put, one young girl in the West hanged herself with hers. Some cruel humorist adduced this sad incident as proof that women were entirely worthy to wear suspenders if they choose. But the saddest news comes from Paris, for we learn from the fashion papers that the great WORTH has heard of the decorative value of suspenders, and is using them to ornament even the finest of his creations.

Meantime, in these sultry days, when men cast waistcoats aside and try to be comfortable despite the weather, they have substituted leather belts for suspenders, and thus girded up, they plod along without envy of those who have appropriated what was heretofore an exclusively masculine appendage. A visitor from Mr. CHASE's Shinnecock Art School reports that he looked in vain among all the hundred girls and young women in the classes there for a single one who fastened up her belt with suspenders. What do these facts portend? On the one hand, the great majority of girls in America have adopted suspenders, and the great WORTH has set the seal of his approval on them; on the other hand, many men have suspended their use, and the girls in Mr. CHASE's school—girls who should know what good art was, if any ever did—have never adopted them at all. What does this portend? We do not know, but can only trust that it is nothing serious, and that with the autumn this disturbance of normal conditions will cease, and those who are wrong will see the error of their ways. It is probable, in the language of the sand lots, that "the suspendered girl must go."

NEWSPAPERS AND THE PUBLIC.

WHAT should be the true relations of the newspapers to private and domestic life? And what should be the attitude of the press to the public administration of justice?

These questions have been brought home to the persons interested in the business of distributing news by two important events. One is a decision rendered by Judge WALLACE in the United States Court, and the other is the BORDEN murder at Fall River, Massachusetts.

The facts in the law case are, unfortunately, like those in so many other cases that they may be said to be symptomatic. A married woman came to this city from her home in Canada in the company of an unmarried man who was an intimate friend of herself and her husband. The immediate object of her visit was to join her husband, who was here on business. The man with whom she made the journey was coming here on business of his own. Scarcely had the two reached the city than several newspapers published the statement that they had eloped. Suit for libel was immediately brought. The only defence offered on the part of the newspapers was that the information came to them through recognized channels, and in the regular course of business. No inquiry whatever seems to have been made as to the accuracy of the news. Indeed, one editor insisted that it was not his custom nor his duty to make such inquiry.

The court held, among other things, that it was not the province of a newspaper to pry into domestic infelicities. And why is not this ruling sound in ethics as it is in law? A newspaper should conduct itself towards its public as a gentleman carries himself towards his neighbor. A man of character governs himself according to the precept of the Golden Rule. He does not pry into the secrets of others. He does not seek to know, nor care to know, what goes to make up the happiness or the miseries of those who may happen to live next door to him. If bickerings and disputes, if jealousies and estrangements, if wrongs committed against the marital relation come to his knowledge, he keeps his lips closed and his conscience clear.

We are assuming that no relations of friendship to one party or the other impose exceptional duties upon him, and that the demands of public justice do not require action from him. He remains silent because it is his duty as a good man and citizen not to add to the sum of human unhappiness. He will not assist in setting husband and wife by the ears. He will not plant the seeds of distrust between parents and children. He will not breed dissension between neighbors.

When a case arises like that of the BORDEN murder, he will not thwart the ends and aims of justice and the efforts of the officers of the law by babbling of all that he hears and sees. He will not endanger the triumph and vindication of the law by telling the community of his suspicions, thus warning possible culprits of their peril or heaping unjust calumny on those who may be innocent. He will recognize that the task of apprehending criminals is best performed in secret, and he will impart his knowledge and surmises only to those in authority who are charged with that task. In brief, he will be a gentleman and not a common gossip.

The rules that govern good conduct in an individual are those that should prevail in the offices of newspapers. There is news enough in the world in which the public is rightly interested to fill the columns of our newspapers every day in the year; but the trouble is that gossip and scandal are often more interesting than matters of real moment. The rule of gentlemanly conduct ought to be the rule of the editor and publisher—as, happily, it very often is—and, as Judge WALLACE wisely pointed out, mere gossip and scandalmongering are not excused by the answer that the patrons of a newspaper want what they ought not to have.

TROLLEYS AND STORAGE BATTERIES.

IN referring to the effort to secure the privilege of adopting the trolley system of the electric propulsion of cars in the streets of New York attention was called to the fact that this system was dangerous to life, and involved an unsightly obstruction of the streets. Attention was called to the further fact that the trolley electric system was only temporary at best, and would surely be superseded after a while by the storage-battery system. Electrical engineers who advocated the adoption of the cheap trolley system have always candidly acknowledged that it would sooner or later have to give place to the storage system, when that had been so perfected as to be as cheap a method of applying motive power as the clumsy trolley. Being aware of the rapid strides that are making in the methods of applying electricity, we had confidence that this storage problem would be so soon solved that even apart from the danger to life and the obstruction to ordinary street traffic, we counselled delay in granting permission to use trolleys in the streets of New York or any other crowded city.

Now, while the trolley concession is still pending before the Board of Aldermen, news comes from Milford, Massachusetts, that electrical engineers who have been experimenting with a storage-battery system for many years have perfected one, and that a line has been in successful operation there since April, 1891. During that time not an accident has happened on the line, nor has there been any breakdown whatever in the service. The cars are a ton lighter in weight than the trolley cars, with the same seating capacity. They run without that whizzing sound that is so disagreeable a feature of the trolleys. They go over eight-per-cent. grades without any appreciable diminution of speed, which is at the rate of ten miles an hour. This rate is quite as fast as would be safe on any city surface road. Further than this, the operators of the Milford road say that the method as now developed furnishes a motive power as cheap as if not actually cheaper than the trolley. If this information be trustworthy, it is unlikely that the company seeking the trolley concession will have any further use for it, for a cheap motive power was the consideration in view. That the trolley system may soon be abolished in favor of this better and safer method of propelling cars in the streets is a matter for general congratulation.

THE RISE OF THE SUMMER COTTAGE.

THERE have been signs during the current season of æstivation that the institution known as the summer hotel has reached the height of its popularity and power in this country, and that its continued progress is more likely to slant down than up. The reason is not that city families are learning to spend their summers at home, for they flock to the lakes, the mountains, and the sea-shore in greater numbers than ever, but a smaller proportion of them live in hotels, and a considerably greater proportion in cottages. At Bar Harbor this season several of the largest hotels have remained closed, not because the vogue of Mount Desert has waned, for it was never so much the fashion, but chiefly because the island is full of cottages, and the "best people" live in them, thereby damaging the hotels directly by the loss of their own patronage, and indirectly by ceasing to serve them as bait. The tendency which is illustrated in an exceptional degree at Bar Harbor is generally noticeable in the majority of the summer-places, and a natural and commendable tendency it is. The part of the population to which it is most essential to get out of town are the women and children, and for them hotel life, even in the summer, is decidedly a second-best expedient. The American hotel-bred infant, with whom Mr. HENRY JAMES in the earlier years of his literary industry helped to make the world familiar, is a type which it is as well should not survive outside of the fiction of the last decade. Without admitting that it ever was a very prevalent type, it is safe enough to assume that the more American children are enabled to substitute the atmosphere of a summer home for the garish delights of a summer hotel, the better it will be for the manners of the rising generation.

Of course it is by no means a new thing for rich Americans to have summer homes. The growth of moss and ivy on scores of the Newport houses attests that. Of course, too, a summer cottage is a luxury, and luxuries are ever prone to make their first bows to the people with the most money. Nevertheless, there are cottages and cottages, and whenever families that have been used to taking refuge in summer hotels once make up their minds that they would like a cottage better, there is no sound financial reason why they should not eventually have one. The main difficulties are to decide where it shall be, and to bring the family's mind to the point of giving hostages to return to the same place several summers in succession. For of course, unless one is rich enough to have an assortment of scattered dwellings, it is an extravagance to build a house unless he is going to occupy it, or can rent it. No doubt the possibilities of vagrancy in the summer-hotel method constituted originally one of its chief charms. It enabled people to try at least one new place every year, and ascertain finally where they preferred to go. But this very quality in it has helped the development of cottages, since, after a due series of vagrant seasons, the family is able out of its sufficient experience to declare a settled preference for some particular spot. There the spirit of adventure having given place to the desire for assured comfort, the cottage begins its growth, and finally develops into a true home, with its accompanying possibilities of hospitality and of continuous accretions of grace and strength.

The observer who watches the progress of American civilization must be both interested and edified at the spread of the summer cottage. He finds in it another sign of the settling of the population which is in process, and which makes the land constantly pleasanter and more habitable as it goes on. It is one phase of the adjustment of the people to the conditions arising from a vast increase of wealth, and from the upsetting of all old habits and possibilities of living which has followed the progressive development of railroads. Moreover, it is the only considerable answer in sight to the problem how the better-able classes of Americans are going to get any country life. They are bound, these better-ables, to live in cities as long as they live at all, yet they want to snatch such furtive country joys as they can, and the summer cottage is the tangible expression of that wholesome wish.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ON CANADA'S FRONTIER. Sketches of History, Sport, and Adventure; and of the Indians, Missionaries, Fur-traders, and Newer Settlers of Western Canada. By JULIAN RALPH. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

THOMAS CARLYLE. By JOHN NICHOL, LL.D., M.A. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. In the "English Men of Letters Series," a complete list of which will be sent by the publishers, on application.

FROM THE BOOKS OF LAURENCE HUTTON. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. Uniform with HARPER'S AMERICAN ESSAYISTS, comprising: *Criticism and Fiction*, by William Dean Howells; *As We Were Saying*, by Charles Dudley Warner; *From the Easy Chair*, by George William Curtis; and *Concerning All of Us*, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THAT WILD WHEEL. A Novel. By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

YOUNG LUCRETIA, AND OTHER STORIES. By MARY E. WILKINS, Author of "A New England Nun, and Other Stories," "A Humble Romance, and Other Stories," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. (In "Harper's Young People Series.")

AUNT ANNE. A Novel. By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. Author of "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE. By "C. DE HURST." Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

AN EDELWEISS OF THE SIERRAS, Golden-Rod, and Other Tales. By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION. A Farce. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. 32mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 50 cents. (In "Harper's Black and White Series.")

CITY FESTIVALS. By WILL CARLETON, Author of "Farm Ballads," "City Ballads," etc. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50; Full Seal, $4 00.

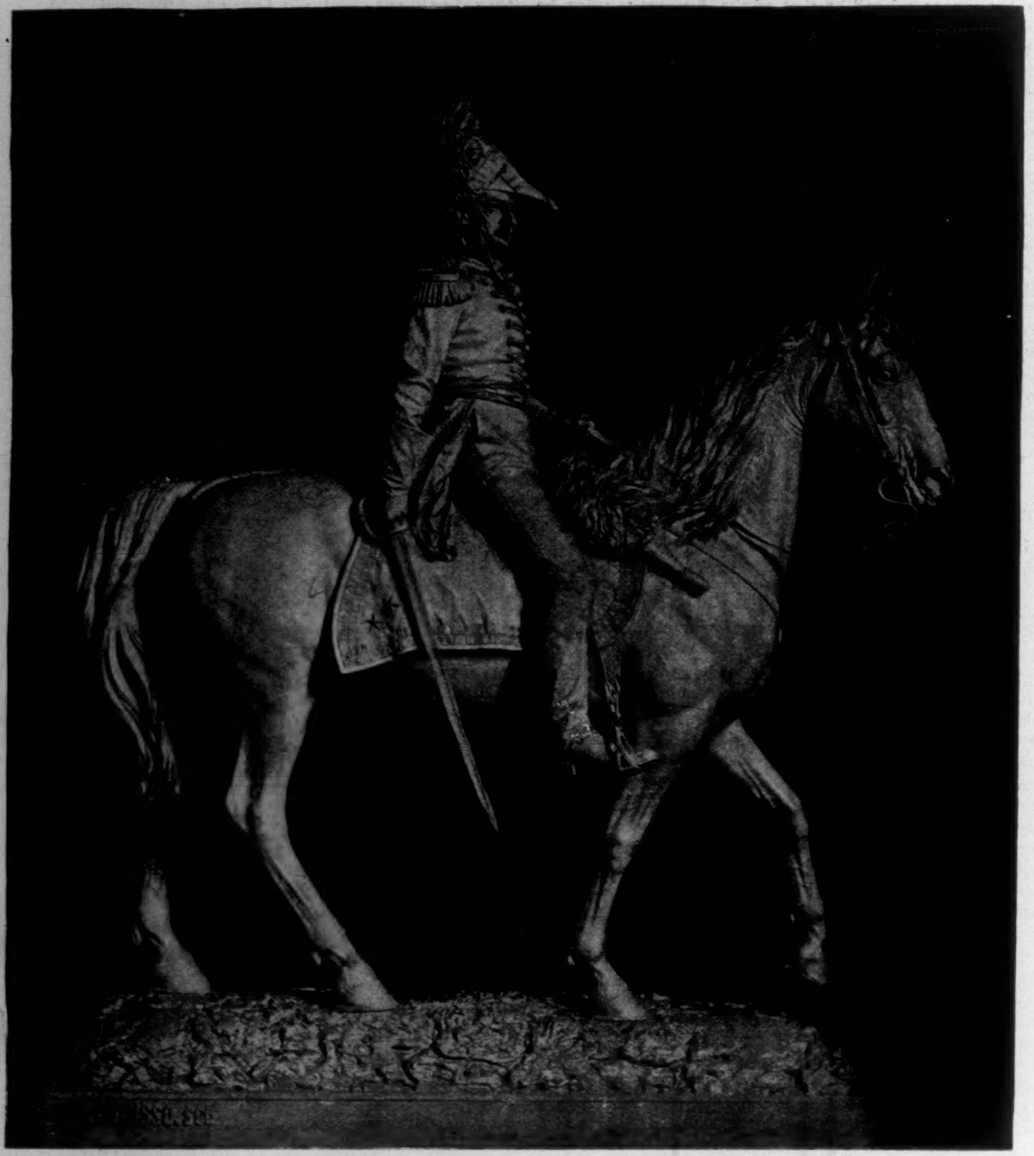
MRS. KEATS BRADFORD. A Novel. By MARIA LOUISE POOL, Author of "Roweny in Boston," "Dally," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE PURITAN IN HOLLAND, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA. An Introduction to American History. By DOUGLAS CAMPBELL. Two volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00. (*In a Box.*)

THE BLUE-GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY, and Other Kentucky Articles. By JAMES LANE ALLEN, Author of "Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances." Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*



THE STATUE OF GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, TO BE ERECTED IN CINCINNATI.
From a Photograph by Landy.—[See Page 814.]

PEDIMENT FOR AGRICULTURAL BUILDING—COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—Larkin G. Mead, Sculptor.—[See Page 810.]

AN UNOFFICIAL LOG.

KEPT BY

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

As we all know, thanks to the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion in Chicago, Christopher Columbus in 1492 redeemed a very slow passage across the Atlantic by discovering America at the end of it. In 1892—just a few days ago, in fact—the descendants of the Americans he discovered passed over the Atlantic themselves in a shorter space of time than that body of water had ever been crossed before. This illustrates the fact that, though starting so late in the race of civilization, it has only taken the American people four hundred years to a year to catch up and surpass at one of their own games that part of the world which had been discovered many centuries before. It might be advanced in reply to this that, as far as transatlantic travel goes, the peoples on both sides of the water started about even, but that is a trifling interruption. You will see how important a thing it is to hold the best transatlantic record when you remember how many millions of boats, from dories like the *Dark Secret* to arks like the *Great Eastern*, have crossed the ocean in the last four hundred years, and that all the engineers of the world have been building boats to do that one thing. The twin screws of the *City of Paris*, which is now an American boat, brought the record from England to this country at the same time they brought one of England's finest steamships; and the fact is a historical one, and I do not think it should be allowed to drop from sight in the ephemeral pages of the daily papers. All of the 265 cabin passengers felt that it was in some way to their credit that the boat on which they chanced to cross beat the record, as individuals seem to feel they are deserving of your admiration because they have not slept for two nights, or have been ill for six weeks in bed. If you are an observing person, you will have noticed that people who have suffered in this way always tell you of it as though it was something of which they had a just reason to be proud. As the writer of this article was one of the 265, he feels this pride, and though possibly had he been left at Liverpool the *City of Paris* might still have done as well, he wants the fact that she did do so well, and that he was on board when she did it, generally circulated through the medium of this paper. If you are interested in the run day by day and in the grand total, you can skip all the rest, and look at the table at the end of the column; but if you wish to know who the people were who assisted Captain Watkins and the engineer of the *City of Paris* to make the record, and how they did it, you will have to read right on. To prevent any possible doubt about the correctness of the record, Captain Watkins had secured for the voyage several prominent American gentlemen whose words would be amply sufficient to substantiate his own and that of the chap at Fire Island in case there might be any dispute regarding it.

These gentlemen were of varied callings and professions, and with different claims to the attention of the public. There was the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, the best Mayor New York has had within the past quarter of a century, and a statesman whose record in Congress was made as proudly as the boat on which he sailed made hers. There was also General Hyde, of Bath, Maine, who is interested in record-breaking vessels because he builds them, and because this fall he is going to launch a ram for our government which is large enough and strong enough to break the *City of Paris* into a twisted bundle of iron plates, and drop her gently from sight. But of course he will not do that now, partly because he is too kind-hearted and courteous a gentleman to be engaged in such a tragic and warlike business, and partly because the *City of Paris* and the ram will fight side by side, or in the same triangle of evolution, or "in company," or whatever the nautical term may be. Mr. Rufus F. Zogbaum, who is in the next room, and who is drawing the West Point cadets playing football, tells me that the right expression is "in company," and that is why it is quoted here. Being an authority on such things, he certainly ought to know. He has, however, drawn one cadet tackling another in such a manner that the umpire would certainly give the other side the ball, which only goes to show that one cannot be an authority on all subjects. The other record-breakers on the steamer were Mr. A. A. Zimmerman, who holds the championship records in bicycle riding in several countries, and who was met at the wharf by a band and a tug; Mr. E. H. Sothern, the light comedian; Mr. De Wolf Hopper, the comic opera comedian; and Mr. N. C. Goodwin, the low comedian—each holding records of runs almost as long in nights as is the record of the *Paris* in miles, and quite as entertaining. These gentlemen were especially engaged to cross on this trip in order that they might lighten the spirits of the other passengers when the fog hung about the vessel's side like the clouds in a Turkish bath, and that there might also be some one for the reporters to interview when the vessel finally arrived. They not only lightened the spirits of the passengers, but their purses as well, Mr. Hewitt by appealing with cultivated eloquence to their generosity in behalf of a home for sailors' orphans, and Messrs. Hopper and Goodwin by winning all of the pools on the daily run.

The photograph of the American comedians surrounded by youthful Home-Rulers, which you will find on another

(*Continued on page* 798.)

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

BY FRANCIS S. PALMER.

ONE evening I had dropped into Captain Dent's quarters to have an after-dinner chat with the veteran. On the wall of his smoking-room was hanging a bear-skin of unusual size.

"It's a grizzly," he said, in reply to my questions, "and has value to me as a memento of a very trying morning in my life—a morning which only this bear prevented from being my last. If you'd like to hear the story, come over to the Major's; he can tell it better than I."

Knowing that the two old Indian-fighters had had some strange adventures, I was very willing to listen to the history of the bear-skin. We found Major Gearey in a little den surrounded by trophies of his campaigns in the West when that region was really wild.

Enveloped in wreaths of smoke from his brier-wood, he told the story—a story punctuated by the approving nods of the veteran who had fought by his side in many a frontier war.

"'Way back in the fifties, when Joe Dent here and I were boys of eighteen, we got the Indian fever, and nothing would satisfy us save to run away from the New England village where we had been schoolmates, go to Montana, and fight Indians.

"We were green enough when we left home, but by the time we reached our destination, a little pioneer settlement, we found it not so easy to hunt the redskin on one's 'own hook.' There was only one way to carry out our plans. A troop of United States cavalry was leaving a neighboring post for the country of the hostiles. We offered ourselves as privates; stout young fellows were in demand, and the officers, without inquiring too closely as to age, enlisted us.

"Colonel Straighter was in command—a dashing Indian-fighter, but a man of little judgment—and a worse martinet I never served under.

"Well, in November the company occupied a small fort on the banks of Mustang Creek. The war parties were quieting down for the winter, and we had an easy time of it. Of course life was dull, and the men passed away much time in gambling—something in those days more common in the army than now. Joe and I were taught to play; fascinated, we spent most of our evenings over the cards, though gaming was forbidden by the Colonel.

"One night we sat down to cards with a large party; one by one the men dropped out, till only Joe and I, with a few comrades who watched our play, were left in the room.

"Luck was with me, and after Joe had lost his money he began betting anything of value among his belongings. Most of his trinkets found their way to my side of the table; and I, for I was mad with a gambler's madness, took them all. Finally he had nothing left but a heavy gold watch, an heirloom in his family as I well knew; he staked the watch and lost it. Wild with excitement and remorse, he leaned forward and, as I drew the watch to me, struck me on the cheek a slap which rang out like a pistol-shot.

"The men in the room interfered and separated us. Of course I was furious, and threatened all kinds of punishment in return for this insult. He retorted that if I did not give back the watch of which I had robbed him by unfair play, he would put a bullet through me at the first chance he got. So we parted, our friends hurrying us off to bed, and trying to make light of the whole affair. I spent a restless night, and Joe tells me he did also.

"The next morning I got leave of absence to go shooting. There was only a little snow, but it was cold, and the creek, a stream about forty yards wide, was covered with ice from which the wind had swept the snow. At home I had been skilful with my skates, and knowing I was coming to a cold region, had brought a pair with me. This morning, instead of taking a horse, I put on skates, and carrying my carbine, glided leisurely over the broad track of ice.

"A few prairie-chickens and sage-hens scurried through the willows that fringed the creek; but these were too small game for me. The mess was out of fresh meat, and I had promised my comrades a deer. It had rained a day or two before, and now the bushes were hung with icicles which glittered in the sun; the stream stretched away a polished line of blue; the air was crisp and bracing. As I swept along, the beauty of the scene softened me, and I regretted the quarrel with Joe. Out here in all this freshness and purity the passions which had inflamed us the evening before seemed monstrous and unreal.

"At noon, after making several fruitless excursions along the shores, I was on the creek, and, so far, had seen no game which I thought worth a shot. Finding a protected spot in lee of a cottonwood grove, I built a fire, and proceeded to take my lunch.

"While eating I saw a man riding across one of the low divides which slope to the creek. The figure was familiar, and, before thinking, I shouted. Joe, for it was he, looked around, hesitated, and then came toward me. He, it seems, had also gone hunting, and under the soothing influence of the morning had repented of his hot words; now he was ready to beg my pardon.

"When two men who have been real friends meet under such conditions, it doesn't take long to renew broken ties. I forced him to take back his watch; and after pledging ourselves to stop gambling and to a still stronger friendship—something we've stuck to, haven't we, old boy?" smiling at the Captain, who smiled back through a cloud of smoke—"well, after that we parted, he to ride up a smaller stream in search of deer, and I to skate back to camp. Just before we separated we saw a man riding towards the fort; probably a friendly Indian, we thought, who had been scouting.

"I had intended skating to camp at once, but on reaching the shore, and finding there the fresh trail of a bunch of 'black-tails,' I changed my plans, and followed the tracks up the creek away from home.

"Silently I was moving along, keeping an eye on the marks in the snow on the bank, when the game—six or eight black-tails—jumped from a willow thicket. In those days I was quick with a rifle, so got in two shots before the animals were out of sight among the bushes. At the second report I thought one staggered; but they all kept on, following the shore.

"There were red stains on the snow; the deer was hit, and I decided to give chase. After skating four or five miles I came upon the wounded animal, which had not been able to keep up with the others. Quickening my pace, I got within twenty yards, and was about to despatch it, when, made bold by the knowledge that it could not escape, the deer wheeled around, and lowering its horns, rushed at me. I had no time to fire, and jumping to one side, just managed to avoid it. In some way I wrenched my ankle, and fell heavily. For an instant I thought it was all up with me; then I saw that the deer was also in trouble. It was sliding about on the glare ice, trying in vain to turn and get at me. I raised my rifle and sent a bullet through it.

"Though the deer's horns no longer threatened, affairs were not altogether pleasant. Here I was with a lame ankle fully twelve miles from the fort, and in a country infested with hostile Indians. Moreover, the sun was getting low; it behooved me to arrange a camp for the night. I then remembered noticing on the shore, a short distance back, a deserted 'dugout'; this would be at least a partial shelter. Taking off my skates, I limped over the ice, dragging the deer.

"The dugout proved to be hardly more than a hole in the bank, covered with a rude roof of poles and sod. However, it promised to keep off the prairie winds; and after I had collected a pile of dry grass for a bed, started a fire of cottonwood and peat, and eaten a venison steak, I felt quite contented. Indians seldom came so near the troops. To be sure, there were strict orders against remaining away from the fort without leave; yet even the peppery Colonel must make allowances for a sprained ankle. Doubtless a juicy haunch of the black-tail would do much towards gaining pardon.

"That night, cheered by my reconciliation with Joe, and regardless of the howling coyotes attracted by the meat, I slept peacefully.

"In the morning my ankle was no better; moreover, a blizzard set in—snow and a furious gale—which of itself would prevent my venturing out. Next day the storm still raged, and though my hurt was less painful, I could not leave the dugout. By economizing fuel I was able to keep up a fire, and there was plenty of venison. Well, on the third morning I woke to find clear weather, and when I looked down the creek I was delighted to see the gale of wind had kept the ice in the centre of the creek free of snow. I would be able to use my skates.

"Soon after sunrise I set out. I skated leisurely along, dragging after me what was left of the venison; thongs cut from the hide served to draw it by, and the hair slipped easily over the ice.

"Having nearly reached the place where I first shot at the black-tails, which was about eight miles from the fort, I noticed a movement in the willows on the bank. Going nearer, I found a great ungainly yellowish creature tearing to pieces the body of a deer. The animal was too busy with its feast to pay much attention to anything else, and stepping into the bushes, I got a good view of it. Then I knew it must be a grizzly, an animal of which I had heard much, but never seen; undoubtedly the deer was one that had been hit by my first shot three days before, and had dropped without my seeing it.

"The stories I had heard of a grizzly's ferocity must have unnerved me; for when, after a careful aim, I pulled the trigger, the bear shook its head, snarled, and seeing me, charged forward with a roar of rage; the ball had only grazed its nose.

"I sprang back and landed sprawling on the ice; in my fall I dropped the rifle, and picking myself up, was twenty yards away before I missed it; then the bear was nearer the rifle than I. There was no time to waste, and forgetting my injury, I sped on towards camp. Now a grizzly, though so awkward-looking, is a rapid runner, especially on ice; and as this one followed, a revengeful gleam in his little eyes, I had to do my utmost to keep ahead of him. Before, I had glided along at the rate of four or five miles an hour; now that I had company the pace was nearly doubled. The grizzly, plunging after me, had, for the time being, cured my lame ankle."

"Hold on, Major," interrupted his friend; "you're forgetting me."

"That's so; it's time, sure enough, to know how things were going with Private Joe Dent."

"When Joe left me on my way to camp, as he supposed, he continued his hunt, got one shot at a deer, but missed, and about sundown returned to the fort. I had not come, and as the evening passed, he grew anxious about me. However, feeling a reluctance as to mentioning me, after our quarrel, he did not tell the soldiers of our meeting at noon. In the morning the Colonel sent for Joe.

"'Dent,' said the officer, 'have you the correct time?'

"Joe thought this a rather peculiar question, but pulled out the watch we had quarrelled about and looked at it.

"'Half past eight, sir.'

"'Thanks,' said the Colonel, dryly. 'Now, Dent, I've got a little story to tell you. Night before last you and Gearey gambled (something which, you know, I had forbidden), and before parting quarrelled over a watch you lost to him, you threatening to shoot him whenever you got the chance. Next day, finding that he has gone hunting, you too, get leave of absence, and follow him to a lonely spot up the creek. Later in the day an Indian sees you together, and thinks he observes menacing gestures. You return, your rifle fouled, but having no game; in your possession the very watch, as I see, which you lost to Gearey. Moreover, when Gearey fails to come back, you do not mention having seen him. Now let me ask you, what is the inference of all this?'

"Joe, as he followed the Colonel's words, grew paler and paler; it was a moment before he could speak. Then he burst out with an incoherent account of our meeting and reconciliation.

"'If that is true, why does not Gearey come home? Dent, the clear inference is murder. To-morrow you will be court-martialled. Do not think this storm, by covering up the traces of your crime, will save you, for there is strong direct testimony against you. Remember, we're on a campaign. Where martial law exists, prompt justice is done.'

"Poor Joe, more dead than alive, was handcuffed and taken to the guard-house. The trial came off. The strongest evidence was that given by the scout, who, with the craving for notoriety and the disregard of truth which are characteristic of the Indian, testified that he saw the two soldiers quarrel and heard a rifle discharged, after which Dent dragged something to the ice, and pushed it through a crack into the water. He had not told everything before because he feared Dent's vengeance; but now that the soldier was a prisoner he dared speak out.

"The other officers hesitated. However, the Colonel, who for some reason had never liked Joe, seemed positive of his guilt, and finally the lad was convicted. In accordance with the severe campaign discipline—in this instance made as harsh as possible by Straighter—Joe was sentenced to be shot the next morning at nine.

"There was little hope for him; in this hostile country, cut off from all direct communication with headquarters, our grim old Indian-fighter was an autocrat.

"Promptly at a quarter of nine Dent was brought out on the parade-ground, which slopes from the fort to the creek. Here was drawn up the entire command. Poor Joe knew his comrades would aim as they were ordered, though perhaps many of them did not believe him guilty. He was placed before the earth-works, his hands tied, and a bandage over his eyes. A squad of the men were formed into line, and at the word the butts of their carbines rattled to their shoulders; the Colonel raised his sword, and was about to give the fatal command. Then young Adams, second lieutenant, spoke sharply:

"'Colonel, wait a moment! What's that coming down the creek?'

"All eyes were turned towards the broad line of ice which extended far to the eastward; on it were two objects, rapidly coming nearer.

"Dent, bandaged and some yards away, had not heard what the lieutenant said. He wondered wearily why they were waiting. What was the need of torturing him with suspense? The Colonel, his sword still raised, and the men with rifles held in readiness to fire, stood in silence gazing up the creek.

"As all were intent and motionless, the Indian scout, who had leaned against the stockade, smoking a cigarette and watching the scene with careless interest, made a sudden movement and slipped out of sight around an angle of the fort.

"Adams, whose eyes were almost as sharp as an Indian's, caught a glitter of blue. 'Colonel, one's a man in uniform; but the other I can't make out.'

"A moment later there was a shout. 'It's Gearey!'

"Then Dent must have understood, for he sank to the ground as if mowed down by bullets.

"'Yes, Gearey, and a bear chasing him. Quick, men!' exclaimed the lieutenant. 'Some of you run and meet them.'

"Four or five soldiers hurried to the bank. The grizzly was still too angry to give up the chase though he met the whole United States army. On he came till a couple of carbine bullets rolled him over on the ice dead. Gearey—or I, for now I can speak in the first person again—fell gasping for breath. Having taken off my skates and given me a drink of stimulants, they helped me to the fort. Dent, very white, and with a bandage in his hand, met me. As we stood there grasping each other's hands, we saw, speeding away across the prairie, a horseman. It was the man we had seen two days before—the Indian scout.

"'Gearey,' said the Colonel, coming up, 'what do you mean by staying away without leave of absence? You rascal, I've a good mind to court martial you.'

"But his anger must have been mollified by the venison which the men found up the creek where I had left it when encountering the bear, for I never saw that court martial. Perhaps he decided that being laid up two weeks with a sprained ankle punished me sufficiently. As for Dent here, he has never thought so ill of grizzlies since the morning when one hurried me into camp in time to save his life. He was always sorry that the old fellow was killed."

The silence that followed the telling of the story was broken by Captain Dent.

"Yes, I have reason to be grateful to that bear. However, if he had escaped, I wouldn't now have in my den such an eloquent sermon on contentment. Whenever I'm blue and think myself ill-used, I just look at the bullet-holes in the grizzly's pelt, and I'm reminded that if fortune hadn't been pretty good, those holes would have been in my skin instead of in the bear's."

AN UNOFFICIAL LOG.

[*Continued from page 796.*]

page, is chiefly interesting because it was taken immediately in front of a castle near Queenstown formerly owned by Brian Boru, and because the driver is a native Irish comedian himself, widely known in two continents as "Jerry." When you stop at Queenstown for the mail next summer, you must ask for Jerry, whom you will recognize by his red beard and his voice, which latter can be heard above the whistle of the tender and the cracking whips of all the other jaunting-car drivers. The other picture is interesting because it shows another Queenstown character, who has for eighty years or more sold bog-wood pigs to passengers at the quay of Queenstown, and who in the picture is being presented by Mr. Burr McIntosh with a silver shilling, while Mr. Sothern and Mr. Goodwin look on to see that she gets it. Mr. McIntosh's well-known dexterity with cards and coins and eggs makes such protection necessary. The voyage from Queenstown to New York was rendered conspicuous by the presence at table of every one of the 265 passengers, owing to the smoothness of the sea, and by their failing to eat anything while there owing to their trying to hear all of Mr. Goodwin's stories. Another conspicuous feature was the absolute knowledge concerning the run possessed by those of the passengers who were on a boat for the second time in their lives, and the ignorance on the same subject on the part of the boat's officers. The silence of these gentlemen and the anxiety they showed to hear what you thought in preference to telling you what they knew would have delighted Sir Charles Russell himself. But even they showed themselves human toward the end, and became as anxious apparently as the man who held the highest number in the pool. There was also a concert; it was very good as ships' concerts go, and was called a "record breaker" by the gentlemen who originated it. It would have gone better had not the fog-horn played an irregular accompaniment. As we left the ice track and the Banks, and came nearer home, the pilot came on board as best he could, and the passengers' pulses beat in time with the engine rods, and at one o'clock on Tuesday night a group of sleepy men on deck woke the sleeping passengers below with cheers for the captain and the engineer and Purser Miller, and even the stokers and the ship herself. This was when she had passed an imaginary line off Fire Island. And then the boat slowed up as she did not slow up for the pilot, and ran along easily and slowly as though tired with her five days' work. This is the table which tells just how that work was done. The table also compares the record of the *City of Paris* with the best work of the *Teutonic* and *Majestic* up to that date:

	5 d. 15 h. 58 m. City of Paris.	5 d. 16 h. 31 m. Teutonic	5 d. 18 h. 8 m. Majestic.
First day	478	460	470
Second day	501	495	501
Third day	519	505	497
Fourth day	504	510	501
Fifth day	520	517	491
Sixth day	263	290	317
	2785	2778	2777

ANARCHISTS IN NEW YORK.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

"To kill a czar, an emperor, or king is nothing more than murder. That is not the way to emancipate Europe. You kill a king, and his son or brother or nephew is crowned, and rules in his stead, and no progress has been made. That is not the way to do it. The proper way would be to wipe out all of the ruling families—to execute them all to the remotest ends of the lines. This having been done, there would be no one left to take the thrones by divine right, and the people could take charge of their own affairs. Killing one or two or three men does no good whatever, and is only murder, but to remove the few thousand royalties by killing them would be revolution, warfare, and that, too, of a most humane kind. In some way or another the dethronement of the kings has got to take place, and that very soon. It will probably occur during a general European war, in which tens of thousands of men will be killed, and other tens of thousands wounded and disabled for life. This war will be waged to perpetuate the tottering thrones. Now how much more humane it would be to kill all these royalties, and prevent the killing of the fifty times as many people who will be destroyed in such a war! A man is a man, and the life of a king is not more sacred than that of a peasant. So my theory as to the best reformatory method of procedure is to kill all the kings and members of royal families, to sacrifice them on the altar of progress, and then see what we shall see."

"Do many other anarchists agree with you in these views?" I asked.

"Bless your soul, my dear sir, I am not an anarchist!" said the young man to whom I was talking. "I am not an anarchist; I am a socialist; a socialist of the mildest type." And he looked hurt that he should have been misunderstood.

This conversation took place in a little job-printing office down-town, and the young man who advocates the killing of kings is the foreman. He is a good-looking young fellow, with clean-cut features, and a mild and kindly blue eye. His manners are gentle, and his voice low, and he was clean and fresh-looking, with the exception of his hands, which were soiled by lifting wet type. I had been told that he was a leader among the anarchists, and the most intelligent of the lot. So to him I went first in my examination as to the number and the sentiments of the anarchists in New York.

"Your idea seems to be," I continued, "that if the kingdoms of Europe could be converted into republics, that then all social wrongs would be righted?"

"Yes," he responded, "provided there be such absolute home-rule that each community shall be permitted to govern itself, and each individual have opportunity to develop on natural lines."

"Why should the socialists of your type, if they be working to convert the European kingdoms into republics, be dissatisfied with the social conditions in the United States?"

"Because," said he, and now his blue eyes kindled and his cheeks paled—"because this is only a republic in name, because there is no home-rule, and because the laws are made not for the poor and the hard-working, but for the rich and the idle. Your American capitalist is just as much of a king and tyrant as any of those who wear crowns in Europe."

These social reformers, it may be said just here, are divided into various general parties, each general party being subdivided into smaller groups. The general parties are anarchists, nihilists, and socialists. The anarchists are all socialists, but there are so many groups of them that it is impossible to classify them without taking an exhaustive census of them all. If this were done, I fancy that it would show that the average number of each group was about ten. Some of the groups, to be sure, are very much larger than this, but others are much smaller, until we get to the autonomists, where each man flocks by himself, and is a group all alone. All anarchists are followers of Proudhon, and their creed may be found in his famous paradox: "Government of man by man in every form is oppression. The highest perfection of society is found in the union of order and anarchy."

The nihilists are all Russians, and it is a nickname applied to the Russian Social Reform party. Tourguénief first used the word in his novel *Fathers and Children* to describe a certain type of character, which he contrasted sharply and effectively with the prevailing types in the generation which in 1865 was passing from the stage. The word was soon caught up by the conservatives and by the government in Russia, and was applied indiscriminately by them as an opprobrious and discrediting nickname to all persons who were not satisfied with the existing order of things, and who sought by any active method whatever to bring about changes in Russian social and political organization. Nihilists, therefore, as well as I can make out, are also anarchists so far as Russia is concerned; but they do not necessarily wish to apply, or see any necessity for applying, anarchistic methods universally and all over the world. Of those in New York nearly all are Jews, who have been compelled to leave the dominions of the Czar not so much because they were nihilists, but because they were Jews. The more radical of the nihilists profess a total disbelief in religion, morality, law, and order, and—as James Freeman Clarke said in his *Ten Great Religions of the World*—to them "God is nothing, man is nothing, life is nothing, eternity is nothing."

Then we have the milder form of reformers, the socialists. Socialists very generally sympathize with the anarchists and the nihilists—more with the latter than the former, but they usually hold that the methods that these two classes advocate and sometimes practise are too radical and also ineffectual. The great majority of the socialists in New York, as in other parts of America, are foreign born, there being among them at least forty-nine foreigners to one native. They are all "communists," and Professor Ely, in his work on *French and German Socialism*, says: "All communists without exception propose that the people as a whole, or some particular division of the people, as a village or commune, should own all the means of production—land, houses, factories, railroads, canals, etc.; that production should be carried on in common; and that officers selected in one way or another should distribute among the inhabitants the fruits of their labor."

When I started out to visit these people they were all very much excited on account of the attempted assassination of Mr. Henry Frick in Pittsburg by the young Russian Jew Berkman, who belongs to the autonomist group of anarchists in New York, of which Joseph Peukert, the editor of *Der Anarchist*, is the leader. The addresses of various places where anarchists publicly consort had been given to me by the socialist of king-killing proclivities. These I visited casually, merely to take a preliminary view of them, and in these first visits my first impression was confirmed, that I could learn nothing of the men and women belonging to the groups, and get only brief speech of them, by simply asking them to talk with me. At the office of *Der Freiheit*, of which John Most is the editor and proprietor, I found that the paper for the week had gone to press, and the editor, released from his labors, had retired from public view. It was easy, however, to arrange to meet him later on. What struck me in this first visit was the reverential way in which the men about the office spoke of Most. It was evident that they thought him a great man, and told with great pride of how, when he wrote his blatant nonsense that he calls editorials, he kept himself up to the mark by quaffing great draughts of black coffee strengthened by brandy. It did not seem to them that this fact was in some sense a confirmation of the charge made by the anarchists of other groups that Most was a coward, and needed at all times to be supplied with artificial, or what is generally known as "Dutch," courage. There are no evidences of prosperity in the little den that serves as editorial and composing room and counting-room as well. The two or three men at the cases looked much as other printers do, though it was evident that they were Germans. From there I went in search of Peukert's office, but this I did not find, for the very good reason that there is no such place, even though there may have been. I had two addresses, one in Division Street and another in Canal, but he was at neither of these places, and I suspect that he carries his office in his hat, and has his printing done at some obscure job office.

But it was easy enough to see Peukert himself, for he spends much the larger part of his time in a narrow, dark, and dingy bar-room in Fifth Street, just east of the Bowery. This place is known to the police as "Tough Mike's," and the sign in white letters on the window reads "Zum Groben Michel." This is the basement under a tenement-house, and there are two rooms. The bar is on one side of the front room. In front of it is a large table, at which men were drinking beer, and on which was a zither and a man thumping out the "Marseillaise."

"See," said a drunken German, as I entered, and speaking to me in his native tongue, "many men have been hanged for singing the 'Marseillaise,' but this man plays it for five cents."

Beyond the table was a reading-desk, upon which were files of anarchistic papers, and above them portraits of the anarchists who have been executed for their crimes, among them being those executed in Chicago for throwing dynamite bombs in the Haymarket several years ago. Just beyond the bar, the tables, and the reading stand was a pool table stretching nearly across the room, and leaving scant space at either hand for the handling of a cue. Several men stood about this table with cues in their hands, but they ceased playing when I entered. One of these was Peukert, and he watched me in a sly and nervous way as long as I remained in the place. Beyond the pool table was a smaller room, and in the centre of this was a table at

which half a dozen men sat drinking beer out of those large glasses known on the Bowery, I believe, as schooners. And still beyond, at a smaller table, and next to a window that looked out into a small dark court-yard, sat a young woman who, had she not seemed so entirely at home, would have appeared out of place with such surroundings. She was reading a book, with a glass of beer by the side of it on the table. This was Emma Goldman, the anarchist wife of Berkman, who tried to kill Mr. Frick. I mention the things I saw in this bar-room thus minutely because it is the one place in New York where avowed anarchists meet without any disguise. It is a loathsome place in itself, and there is one thing very certain, that these rabid reformers who are trying to disturb the serenity of all existing society are not having much fun while they are about it. The men were shabby, and from the appearance of their hands not unacquainted with hard labor. It was early in the afternoon when I made my first visit, so it was only fair to conclude that the men then in "Tough Mike's" were out of employment. Before my presence was noted, they were talking wildly, nearly all at once, after the manner of Germans laboring under excitement; but when I was seen, the hubbub ceased, and only harsh whispers could be heard.

To my requests to talk to some of his guests or to himself, the ill-shapen giant behind the bar had but one reply to make —"It is not necessary." Peukert leaned on his billiard cue and watched, evidently approving of "Tough Mike's" determination not to speak more than four words—"It is not necessary." This was discouraging, so I abandoned the effort to get information there at that time, and went to half a dozen other places said to be the resorts of anarchists. There was a little restaurant in Division Street at which I was told that many of the Jewish anarchists fed. The proprietor met me very politely, and I had difficulty in escaping his frank volubility. He said he kept an eating-house, and did not ask a man who wanted to buy a steak or a cup of coffee what his religious or political opinions were, and he did not care so long as the customer had money to pay for his meals. Berkman had been one of his customers like the rest, and had been there once, twice, maybe forty times, but he came there to eat, not to talk anarchism. Sitting around the restaurant were a dozen or more young men who listened intently to what the proprietor was saying. If they were there to eat, they had either finished some time or not made up their minds what to order, for there was no evidence of either past or prospective meals to be seen on the tables. The exceeding frankness of the proprietor was as baffling as "Tough Mike's" taciturnity.

From Division Street I went to Justus Schwab's beer-saloon, east of Second Avenue. This place was deserted of all save the bar-keeper and one rather cheap and flashily dressed Jew. Schwab, I was told, was out of town, and would not be back till the next day. The bar-keeper had evidently taken advantage of his master's absence to celebrate himself in unlimited beer, and he was in good-humor with all the world. He told me that "lots and lots of anarchists come dere"; and then he added, "Dat's where Schwab make all his money." From what I learned at a subsequent visit in the evening, I am persuaded that Schwab's beery bar-keeper spoke the truth only to a certain extent. There are a lot of noisy and foolish fellows who go to Schwab's to drink beer and celebrate liberal ideas, but they are not practical anarchists by any means. They are looked upon with scorn by the more radical customers of "Tough Mike." Schwab makes it pleasant for his patrons and gives them music in the evening. He is a thrifty saloon-keeper, and would probably be ready to assist in any social or political movement that would send him a more profitable set of customers. As it is, he has done very well, for, while advocating that the ownership of property was a crime in an individual, he has become a man of substance, and laid by a pretty little fortune.

I had always had an idea that I could get valuable assistance from the detectives of the Police Department. Inspector Steers, the Chief of the Detective Bureau, was most polite when I called, but regretted that he could not assist me either personally or officially. It was against the policy of the department, he said, in the treatment of this subject, to encourage any publication of what or how much the department knew in regard to the anarchists in New York. He acknowledged that they were kept under constant surveillance, just as other dangerous classes are, and the department was ready and able to take all the leaders into custody whenever it was necessary to do so. Further than this he would say nothing. From another official of the department I learned that, in his opinion, the addresses that had been given to me as to anarchist meeting-places were correct. He was sure that the one and only place that I could get anything of interest was "Tough Mike's." That was not an attractive nor inviting place to study, so before going further I tried another scheme. I had once met a gentleman who had been interested in the labor movement conducted by Powderly and others. I called on him, and asked if he could not get me safe-conduct within the lines of these people. Nothing could be easier, he said; he would have a little dinner, and I could then meet the leaders, and through them such others as I chose. "But," said he, "I will invite these men to meet you on condition that what is then said shall be privileged and sacred." I readily gave him the assurance he desired, and he at once set about arranging the dinner for the next evening in a rather attractive little summer garden in Seventeenth Street near Third Avenue. The next afternoon I was disappointed to learn from the gentleman arranging the dinner that several of the most prominent of the leaders had declined his invitation because they did not care to meet some of the other guests. Each time that he invited a man, he told me, he had to exhibit his invitation list, and if there were any names on the list not to the liking of the examiner, a condition of his acceptance was that the objectionable name should be stricken off. This is the way royalties act in Europe, I am told. The consequence of the numerous objections was a considerably reduced list, and when we sat down to dinner there were only seven present besides our host and myself. I am sure I may be allowed to say, without any breach of my host's injunction, that his guests were a queer and interesting lot. Two were very much of the same type of men we see selling shoe-laces on Broadway; three were heavily bearded Germans, who looked as though they might have come from behind east side bars; one was a fair-haired and spectacled young Russian Jew; and the seventh was the blue-eyed compositor who believed that the regeneration of the world should begin by killing all the kings and royal families in Europe.

At the beginning all were very constrained. They seemed suspicious of one another, and particularly of me. But with the food and drink they warmed up, and before the coffee was served it was a very noisy and animated group. They did not talk anarchy exactly, but they railed against what they thought existing abuses. Nor did they talk of the means by which they proposed to make chaos come again so that these abuses might stop, but each man had a more or less indefinite idea of how order was to be brought from this chaos, so that the dream of Proudhon might be realized, and the highest social perfection be attained by means of "the union of order and anarchy." As I had not the privilege of reporting the talk at the dinner, I made arrangements to meet several of those present next day, and the fair-haired young Russian Jew volunteered to introduce me to Peukert and Emma Goldman. This was what I wished above all things. I had heard both of them speak in public, but they were on parade then, and seemed to be merely talking for effect. The dinner served one good purpose, however, for I was convinced that these people were entirely sincere and honest. There are among the avowed anarchists in New York a few men like Schwab, who are anarchists for revenue only, and a few, perhaps, like Most, who are cowards at heart, and have a wholesome fear of the law; but the rank and file, the very great majority, are entirely sincere, and believe that only through the enforcement of their notions can society ever be reformed and mankind regenerated into a universal brotherhood. Upon all ordinary subjects these people talk quietly and rationally. This man is a cabinet-maker, and he will talk to you very quietly and pleasantly of his handicraft; that man is a fresco-painter, and he will discuss house-decoration and the art tendencies of the age with instructed intelligence. But if this one topic of social reform be broached, both are changed men at once. They become angry, and talk incomprehensible nonsense. Any one who has ever visited an insane asylum will know what I mean. In an institution of that kind you may see a quiet, motherly-looking woman placidly sewing. You talk with her about her work, and she seems full of homely intelligence, but of a sudden there is a change. She is no longer the quiet matron with tender memories of a happy home. She is Mary Queen of Scots, overcome with grief, or perhaps she is Cleopatra, or Helen of Troy. In such institutions quiet, dignified men are frequently seen, men courteous in manner and reasonable in speech until the time comes for them to be their other selves, then one whose active life has been spent in a bank parlor will think he is the Messiah, and another who has spent busy years as a lawyer will think that he is Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte.

The day after the dinner the young Russian Jew met me by appointment, and took me to "Tough Mike's" saloon. I had asked for some other meeting-place, but Peukert insisted that he should meet me there or nowhere. We found him in the back room of the saloon I have before described. Peukert is tall and slender and dark. He wears a thin black beard, that is trimmed rather short and of sparse growth on his cheeks. His nose is thin and straight, and his forehead narrow. Above his eyes are protuberances rising from his forehead, and these "bumps," together with his eyes, give to his face what character it has. His eyes are small and black, and every time I have seen them they looked angry. Peukert has probably never laughed much in a wholesome way. He is an Austrian by birth, and by trade a fresco-painter, but he works very seldom, if ever, at this trade. He was in this country once before, but about five years since he returned to Austria, and began his propaganda there. He was accused of betraying a comrade, Neva, to the authorities, and it was no longer comfortable for him to stay in Austria. So he went to England, and began there the publication of the *Autonomist*. About eighteen months ago he returned to America, and set about organizing the Autonomist group of anarchists, of which he is the chief spirit. This group numbers about fifty. It is a part of the Autonomist creed that each man and woman shall be a law unto himself and herself, and therefore this group has no officers vested with authority. It is to this group that Berkman, the assailant of Mr. Frick, belongs.

Peukert was not very genial in his greeting of me; indeed I doubt if he knows what geniality is. But he talked to me a little, which, after all, was what I wanted. He told me, in the first place, that he had the most profound contempt for me both in my personal and professional capacity. I made no objection to this, and did not get offended, so he told me that this contempt was extended to all the other capitalists and tyrants and oppressors in the world. I smiled at being classed among such formidable folk, and Peukert, who is not every kind of a fool, saw his error, and corrected himself at once.

"I did not mean that you were a capitalist. No; but you are worse than they. You are a hireling of those people, a paid mercenary, a man who uses what little brains he has to help the tyrant capitalists to oppress the people," he said, and he grew more excited with each word he uttered.

Having my social place now established to Mr. Peukert's satisfaction, I hoped to make some progress in the interview. I asked him whether he had anticipated such an attack as that made by Berkman on Mr. Frick.

"We autonomists," he said, "do not tell each other what we mean to do. Each man is a law to himself, and when he sees his duty he does it."

"But don't you see the futility of such an act as that of Berkman?" I asked.

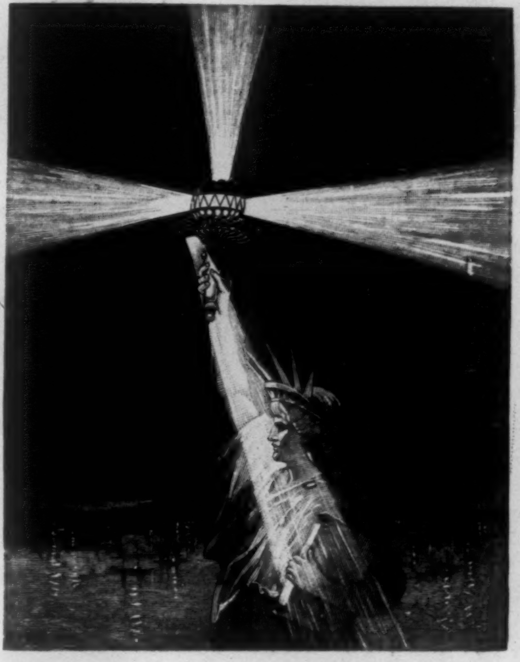
"No; the act is not futile. When the working-men at Homestead were ground down by the capitalists, one man elected himself the champion of the oppressed classes, and tried to liberate them from their slavery, not by shooting Frick, but by showing them where the source of their misery lay. I approve of the act most heartily. You paid vassals of the press cannot stop the wheels of history. The people are awakening, and they will crush you, with those who pay you, these murderers, these robbers, these capitalists. So long as there are people who are starving there will be a Berkman, and these Berkmans will shoot without any conspiracy. We are proud of Berkman's act. We were associated with him, but there was no conspiracy, nor can there be among the autonomists, where each man is responsible only to himself."

As Peukert proceeded in his remarks he grew oratorical, and, as I afterwards found, what he said to me was a part of the prepared speech he had delivered at a public meeting a few nights before. I had much further talk with him, but it was like walking around in a circle; we went over the same ground time and time again, and were always getting back to the starting-point. Peukert's idea seems to be that all men who do not perform manual labor are oppressors of those who do work with their muscles, and that all persons who favor law and order are abettors of these oppressors. Indeed, he has not much of an opinion of any men but anarchists, and for some of these he has no stomach—for instance, John Most. Most has accused Peukert of being a spy on account of the Neva incident before alluded to. Hatred of Most and his group is therefore a part of the creed of Peukert and the other autonomists.

That same afternoon, and in the same place, I met Emma Goldman, who calls herself the anarchist wife of Berkman. I have been told that there is a very general belief among the New York anarchists that it was this young woman who had nerved Berkman up to some deed that would help the cause along. She is therefore at this time a person of unusual consideration in these circles. She has for a long while been prominent among the anarchists, and it is even said that at one time she bore the same relation to Most that she now bears to Berkman. Among the anarchists there are no binding matrimonial ties. Marriages are contracted and dissolved with entire freedom, without regard to the legal statutes on the subject. The Goldman woman is not bad-looking, and she seemed to have come from a higher social class, and to be better educated than the others I had met. She has chestnut-brown hair that had been parted on the side and fluffed over her forehead, leaving only a trace of the part. At the back her short hair was negligently arranged. Her head is shapely; her forehead low and white; her eyes are of bluish-gray, and she wears glasses. Her nose is small and well-shaped, and her complexion almost colorless. Her mouth is sensual, the lips being full, though lacking in color. Her teeth are bad, and when she talks or laughs her face loses all its comeliness. By-the-way, it is a peculiar fact that all the anarchists I met had bad teeth.

Emma Goldman was much pleasanter to talk with than Peukert had been. It is evident that she wants as much advertising as she can get. She explained that she was Berkman's wife in the anarchist fashion, and also explained what that fashion was. She said she was very proud of him, as he had proved his courage and his devotion to the cause. What she said of the anarchists and of Berkman's attempt on the life of Mr. Frick was but an echo of Peukert, and is not worth repeating. Of the autonomist group of anarchists, the Goldman woman was the only one who did not strike me as being thoroughly sincere. I could not help thinking that she was only a very vicious woman, whose vice happened to lead her into this circle. It may be that I do her wrong, and that in reality she is as mad as the rest. At any rate, she and Peukert are to-day the most influential as well as the most radical of the anarchists in New York.

During the week in which I spent a great deal of my time with anarchists and socialists and in their resorts I attempted to make some sort of an estimate of their numbers. Of anarchists, avowed anarchists, I am persuaded that there are less than three hundred in New York. Probably two hundred of these are as mad as March hares, and the other third are simply fools of vicious tendencies, who have got in the channel without knowing or caring whither it led. It is impossible to estimate the number of socialists, but there are many more thousands of them than there are hundreds of the anarchists.



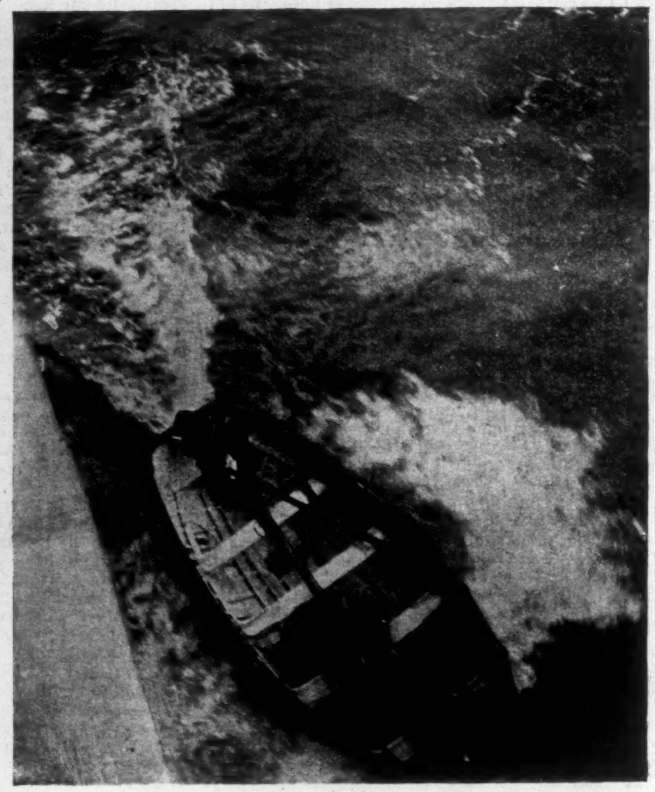
PROPOSED LIGHTING OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

LIGHTING THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

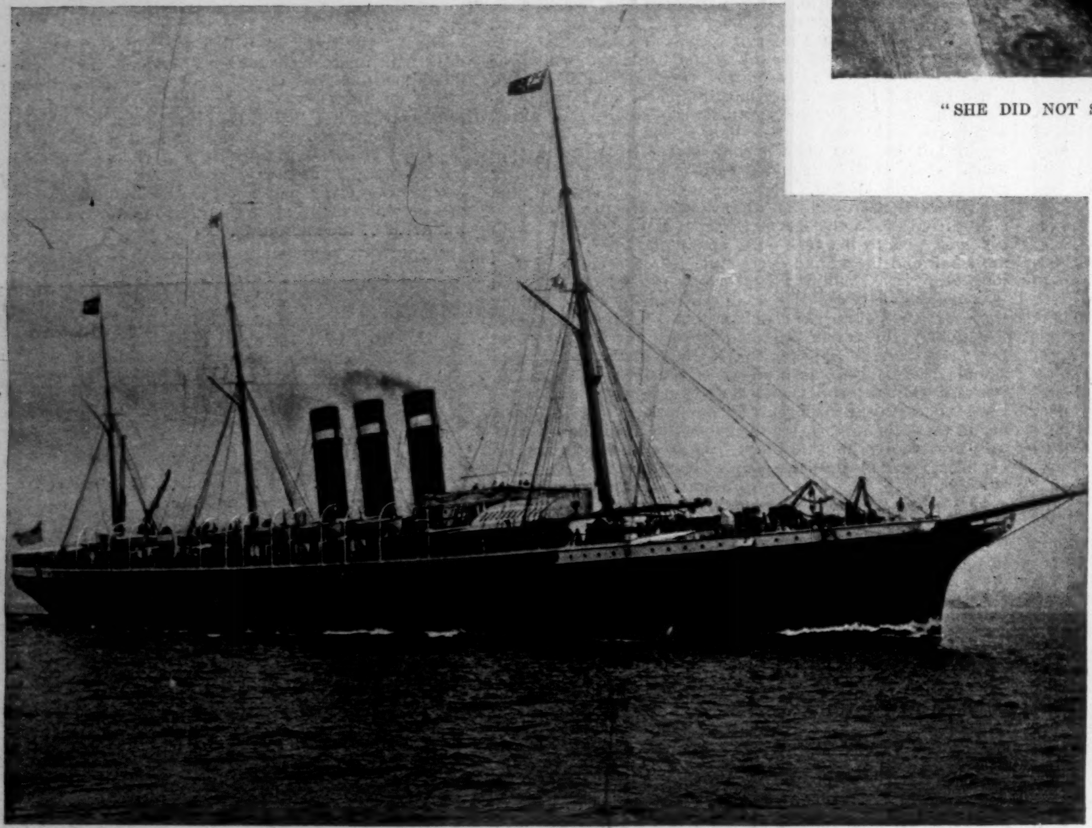
It was always intended that the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor should serve more than a sentimental purpose, and while being a beacon of liberty, also be a light-house of value to mariners. For such a useful purpose, however, the statue has been a failure. Some time ago Major Heap, of the Engineer Corps of the army, was asked to design a method by which the statue could be properly lighted, and therefore serve the utilitarian purpose as well as the sentimental. Major Heap has just reported to the Light-house Board, and proposed that the present lights of about 2000-candle power be so treated that a belt of flame shall be seen instead of the small portion as at present. "The effect I desire to produce," says Major Heap, "is a powerful white light in the focal plane, and a beam of colored light seen by reflection from the haze or dust in the air, so that the general appearance shall be somewhat like a flame." In the head of the statue, over the forehead, is a coronet consisting of twenty-five windows. In front of each window Major Heap proposes to place two 100-candle power incandescent lamps, protected from the weather in glazed lanterns, the backs of which shall be reflectors.

At present the statue, owing to its dark color, is invisible at night, as the reflected light from the lamps in the salients of the fort is too feeble to be seen at any distance. To partially overcome this, Major Heap proposes to place an arc light of 2000-candle power under the balcony of the torch, with a reflector throwing the light directly on the head. This beam of light will be so powerful and will be so near the head that the latter will probably be visible to vessels passing close to the statue.

E. H. SOTHERN, DE WOLF HOPPER, AND NAT C. GOODWIN EXPLORING IRELAND.



"SHE DID NOT SLOW UP FOR THE PILOT."



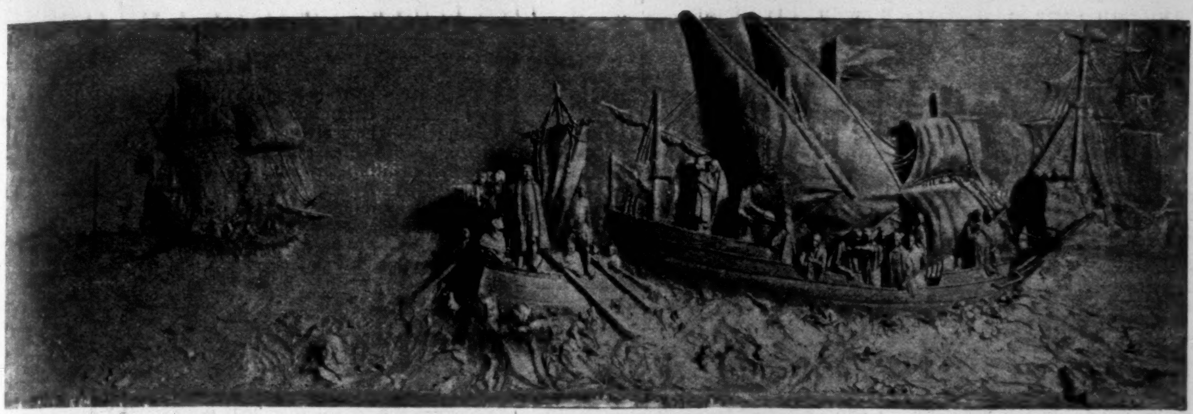
THE "CITY OF PARIS."

CAPTAIN WATKINS.

AN AMERICAN CONTRIBUTOR TO THE IRISH HOME-RULE FUND.

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN AT QUEENSTOWN.

THE RECORD-BREAKING VOYAGE OF THE "CITY OF PARIS."—[SEE PAGE 796.]



FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.

THE GENIUS OF GEOGRAPHY.

EAGLE CLASPING THE SHIELDS OF THE UNITED STATES AND GENOA.

THE LANDING.

THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT IN NEW YORK.

On October 12, 1892, at Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, the monument to Columbus, of which illustrations are here given, will be unveiled. This beautiful work of art is the gift of the Italians of the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Central America to the people of this country.

The monument is the work of Professor Gaetano Russo, an Italian artist residing in Rome, whose design was chosen by a committee of fifteen, appointed by the Italian government for the purpose, and representing men in the foremost ranks of art and literature in that country.

In July, 1889, Chevalier Charles Barsotti, proprietor of the *Progresso Italo-Americano*, published in this city, started a subscription to defray the cost of the work, which was liberally added to by the Italian government. On the 10th of December, 1890, a number of models were placed on exhibition at the rooms of the Palace of the Exposition of Arts in Rome, and the commission finally chose that of Professor Russo.

The completed monument will be seventy-five feet high. The base, of Baveno granite, has two beautiful bass-relief pictures in bronze, representing on one side the moment when Columbus first saw land, and on the other the actual landing of the party on the soil. Two inscriptions higher up on the monument, one in English and one Italian, contain the dedication. The column is also of Baveno granite, while the figure of the Genius of Geography, and the statue proper of Columbus, are of white Carrara marble, the former being ten feet high, and the latter fourteen. There is also a bronze eagle, six feet high, on the side opposite the figure of the Genius of Geography, holding in its claws the shields of the United States and Genoa. The rostra and the inscription on the column are in bronze.

Senator Monteverde of Italy, one of the best sculptors of modern times, says that this is one of the finest monuments made during the last twenty-five years.

On accepting the finished monument from the artist, the commission tendered him the following: "The monument of Columbus made by you will keep great in America the name of

THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT THE EIGHTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK.

THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

Italian art. It is very pleasant to convey to the United States—a strong, free, and independent people—the venerated resemblance of the man who made the civilization of America possible."

The Italian government has decided to send the monument here in the royal transport *Garigliano*. Also, as a token of their good-will to the United States, the government has ordered their first-class cruiser *Giovanni Bausan* to be in New York in time to take part in the ceremonies attending the unveiling, and also the celebration by the city and State of New York.

All the work on the foundation is being directed gratuitously by the architect V. Del Genovese and Italian laborers. The materials are also furnished free by Messrs. Crimmins, Navarro, Smith & Sons, etc., etc.

The Executive Committee is composed of Chevalier C. Barsotti, president; C. A. Barattoni and E. Spinetti, vice-presidents; G. Starace, treasurer; E. Tealdi and G. N. Malferrari, secretaries; of the presidents of the Italian societies of New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken; and of sixty-five members chosen from subscribers as trustees.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

COLUMBUS HIMSELF AT CHICAGO.

A FINE distinction will mark the arrangement in the Latin-American Department of the Columbian Exposition, which is to comprise an extensive and inestimably valuable historical collection. This is planned as an addition to the regular exhibit of the Department of State, and is in charge of the Bureau of the American Republics, organized in 1890 under the supervision of the head of that department. The plan is sustained by a generous appropriation by Congress, with much international liberality, and the favor of individual collectors. By this means, and under the direction of Mr. William Eleroy Curtis as a government officer, the collection becomes already of great interest and importance.

As this division is not an exclusively integral part of the United States exhibit, its formation is aided from widely different sources. It is an interest generally of the civilized world, so far as the historical elements are in view. Very naturally a great enthusiasm is awakened in reference to this special arrangement to exalt the memory of the great explorer, the four-hundredth anniversary of whose ultimate achievement in his profound enterprise is to be celebrated.

This manifold and broadly conceived system of illustration is to present the history of the Spanish-American republics and colonies from the discovery to the present day. As far as possible the life history of Columbus will be shown, with a complete presentation of the condition of navigation and of geographical knowledge at his time. In another series will be sketched in review the magnificently dramatic stages in the course of conquest and civilization in the newly discovered continent.

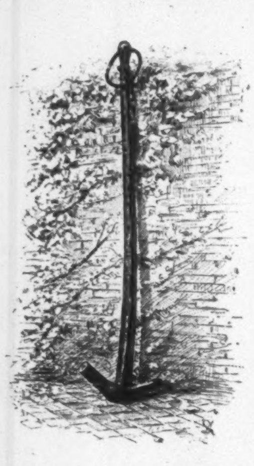
The building to contain so interesting a collection will be of itself in the character of history. This is to be constructed as a reproduction of the Convent of La Rabida on the headland projecting into the lake south of the pier. The selected tongue of land forms the most elevated site on the exposition grounds. To aid the exactness of the copy of this ancient convent at or near Palos in Andalusia, where Columbus frequently was sheltered during long intervals of repose as the guest of the friendly prior, the official emissary to Spain has made wax impressions from the structure in different features of the design. A room in the building is to be fitted up to correspond precisely, according to accepted evidence, to that given the discoverer of America in his conventual abode.

Meantime a commemorative use will be found for the Spanish architectural prototype. This is brought into the plan of the exhibition to be opened at Madrid on September 12th, of which the "Americanist Congress" arranged in connection by the Spaniards will be held from the 7th to the 11th of October in the Convent of La Rabida, province of

COLUMBUS'S SHIP.

Huelva, in which the most eminent historical and antiquarian scholars are to participate.

A great feature of the historical display of 1893 will be a correct model of the *Santa Maria*, in which Columbus sailed from Palos on his first voyage. An officer of the United States navy, Lieutenant McCarthy Little, has been despatched to Spain to seek full information, and to build the caravel. While work is begun on the reproduction of the *Santa Maria*, Lieutenant Little has been directed to make contracts for the construction of the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, a bill having been passed by the Senate making the necessary appropriation for the work. When the construction is complete, this copy of the Old World fleet will be navigated across the Atlantic, but whether in the original direction is not stated. The ships, at any rate, will be on hand to take part in the great naval review in New York Harbor when that spectacle is offered. The journey hither from any country will be repaid by the sight of the naïve little *Santa Maria* bearing the royal blue flag of the flotilla as four hundred years ago, and holding her honored way among the proudest modern ships of the entire world.



THE ANCHOR OF COLUMBUS FOUND OFF NAVIDAD.

A hundred and forty-five men are at work at Cadiz building the caravel. In the naval review and during the term of the exposition the *Santa Maria* will be manned by Spanish sailors in the costume of the Columbian period, and be rigged and equipped as nearly as possible as during the great navigator's first voyage. After the display in New York Harbor this decked, four-masted vessel of ninety feet keel, with her armament of heavy guns, and small pieces forward, will be taken through the canals and lakes to Chicago, to be anchored beneath the walls of the Convent of La Rabida during the exhibition. At its close the caravel will return to Washington, and will be permanently moored in the lagoon south of the Executive Mansion.

The first series in the comprehensive historical collection to be offered will illustrate the fifteenth-century ideas of geography, and the contemporary methods of navigation, by maps, models, and fac similes of different kinds. The available evidences supporting the claims made in reference to pre-Columbian discoveries by the Phœnicians, Norsemen, Welshmen, and other nationalities will be impartially arrayed. One of the conspicuous features in this section will be a statue of the immortal Leif Erikson, towering among the wonderful old maps, charts, photographs of places associated with his name, models of Norse ships, and other forms of illustration. With many interesting things coming from Christiania is a Viking boat that was discovered some years ago. To combine the literary with the archæological record, the Danish government has agreed to send over the original Icelandic sagas referring to the New World as a part of its contribution in valuable relics.

A fine collection of navigating and other nautical instruments used before and during the time of Columbus will be exhibited. In that age of intellectual restlessness and yet haphazard exploration, the compass, the astrolabe, etc., had been adapted to navigation. The illustration of the activity impelled by the imagination of the time—running wild in theories of the Indies, the fabled land of Cathay, and all the golden kingdoms of the East—will be certainly a marvellous study in one collection.

The complete series of charts, including in originals or copies all the ancient maps known, from the earliest representations of the earth by the Hindoos, will be an extraordinary part of this display. Probably at one spot were never amassed so many of the early symbolic atlases as will be shown, each of which indicates by fanciful images of monsters more and more frightful the nearer degrees of latitude to the equinoctial line, around which the Mare Tenebrosum stretched its gloomy waves. As strange to the majority of observers will appear the collected maps of the Arabian geographers, prohibited by their religion from representing living animals. These bear instead, as a sign of ominous significance, a black and crooked hand, the hand of Satan protruded from this awful deep—the Arab Bahr el Talmet—to drag into its gulfs the seamen who would be daring enough to brave its waters. The original globe of Martin Behaim, preserved in the town-hall of Nuremberg, is among the other quaint geographical works to be expected, as the United States Minister at Berlin has made a request for it, which probably will be granted.

With this preliminary series the life history of Columbus will be brought forward as the chief part of the representation. As evinced in the present course of acquisition, no possible element will be omitted from this romance of history with its veracity clouded. In the fullest manner, and principally in photographs and sketches, will be illustrated the different cities claiming Columbus as a native—Cogoleto, Quinto, Genoa, etc.—with a model of the house in which he is believed, on comparatively credible evidence, to have been born, if not of the various houses for which the same distinction is claimed; models of his burial-places, and, as is generally expected, of the casket containing his alleged bones. If other points in the history of Columbus are subject to sceptical treatment, few persons ever seriously have denied that he was buried in two hemispheres and more than once in each. Some of the investigators may believe with Harrisse that no bones of Columbus ever were interred at Havana; but this burial-place will be equally represented with that of San Domingo, the folly generally being avoided of having an exhibition marred by scientific conclusions.

The course of Columbus at the University of Pavia, where, as the biographers attest, he was studying abstruse sciences at a tender age, will be illustrated in photographic and other views. His subsequent experiences in Portugal and Madrid are to be similarly followed, with attention given finally to his association with Spain in illustrious adventure, and when the Convent of La Rabida figures as one of the most interesting scenes.

For another complete series all the different places known to have been visited by Columbus will be represented. "Wherever ship has sailed," he writes, "there have I journeyed." So, under the limitations of his epoch, this geographical illustration must be of comparatively wide extent. A great relief map of the two continents is to be modelled to show the routes taken by the navigator in the New World expedition, and on which the places thus visited will be indicated. To increase the interest of this part of the exhibit photographers have been sent from Washington to obtain a large number of views in the West Indies and on the north coast of South America, in order to show all such places in their present condition.

An extensive picture-gallery is to contain all the paintings in which Columbus figures, either as originals or copies, and of themselves presenting a connected story if not in all its features authentic. A considerable number of original paintings probably will be loaned for this exhibition; of such as form mural paintings, or for different reasons cannot be removed, copies of value are to be substituted. A supplementary gallery, to represent the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, will contain a large collection of historical portraits, including those of the Pinzons and of Juan Perez de Marchena, prior of the Convent of La Rabida, who interceded successfully for Columbus after his project had been rejected, and whose influence in the later issue of securing a crew was again decisive.

The entire series of portraits of Columbus acknowledged as having any artistic merit will be shown in a separate room. As many as forty-five of these singularly dissimilar examples—for a considerable part is necessarily in the form of copies—are already collected. The list includes the Rincon, in the private gallery of the Queen at Madrid; the Orchi—claiming, like the Yañez, of which the Wisconsin Historical Society has a copy, to be the prime original—and to have been acquired by the Orchi family on the dispersion of the famous Giovio collection; the painting by Cristoforo dell' Altissimus from the "Giovio" portrait, mentioned by Vasari and now in the Uffizi gallery—of which the Massachusetts Historical Society possesses the fine copy made for Thomas Jefferson—with the remainder of the group of half a dozen or more most prominently figuring in the contest for authenticity. The collection of the Duke of Veragua contains two of the number for which the claim of originality is made, including the Muñoz, which is comparatively well known.

With her general good fortune, Chicago has secured two of the most esteemed of these portraits. The exposition naturally may be expected to profit by these as property in private ownership. That painted by the Venetian artist Lorenzo Lotto, and recently purchased by Mr. Ellsworth of Chicago, is the only one in this country claiming to have been painted from life. For this work, received by Mr. T. B. Clarke, of New York, in transit, the United States government has made a requisition. Before passing into the hands of its Chicago purchaser, it is to be reproduced at the Bureau of Engraving in Washington to place on a bank-note or a government security. This showed formerly the head of an Indian in the background; but the policy of exterminating the Indian was applied when the canvas was cut down, making it only three feet by two feet eight inches in size. The picture was obtained by Mr. Ellsworth from Antonio delle Rovere, and its ownership is traced back to Signor Gandolfi, and through the Rossi family at Venice for about three hundred years. Although not absolutely conclusive, the circumstantial evidence is very clear in favor of the theory that Lotto, who visited Spain under the patronage of the Venetian Ambassador at the Spanish court at the height of interest in the achievements of Columbus, had the privilege of life studies in painting this portrait.

Of the portrait recently secured by Mr. Charles F. Gunther, of Chicago, the artistic authenticity is credibly estab-

THE ARMOR OF COLUMBUS, IN THE ROYAL ARMORY, MADRID.

lished. This work was painted by Sir Anthony Moore, at the order of Margaret of Parma, from a miniature said to have been in the possession of the family at Madrid. The portrait is the one selected by Irving to illustrate his *Life of Columbus*, and it was obtained by Mr. Gunther in England. One of the five copies of Columbus portraits in this country is that of the Worcester Antiquarian Society, painted by Scardoni; and the oldest is a public possession in the Senate Chamber at Albany, said to have been painted in 1592, the centennial of the Columbian discovery, by some Spanish artist.

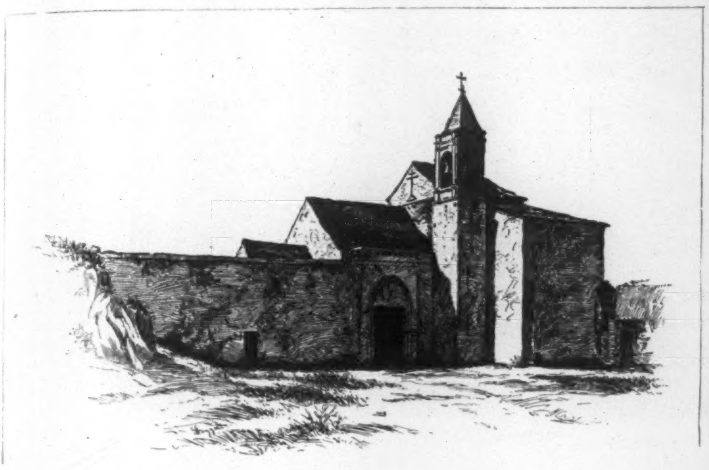
Another series in this complete life interest of Columbus will consist of fac-similes of all the busts, statues, and monuments associated with his name which exist in the world, from the fine Genoa monument down to the least noble things. These copies will be made generally as bromide enlargements.

The personal relics of Columbus have been collected in considerable extent. The ruins that marked the site of Isabella, the first of the Spanish settlements in the New World, will be re-erected in this scheme of illustration. An authentic anchor, a cannon left by Columbus at Navidad—where he

built a stockade from the wreckage of the *Santa Maria*—and the identical bell that was hung in the church tower at Isabella, will be shown. A series of photographs just received illustrate the votive offerings from Columbus when up in the Pyrenees Mountains, and from these fac-similes are to be made.

An exceedingly interesting section in bibliography will be one of the most important combinations in this department. This collection will richly illustrate the manner in which a knowledge of the discovery of America was communicated to the world, and the swiftly issuing crowd of new ideas and fancies in connection.

A collection of charts and maps will show the results of the voyages of Columbus, beginning with the earliest sketches, and continuing down to the representation of the present topography marking the American continent, and the elaborate system of its political divisions. The reasons for which America was given its name will be elucidated by other exhibits, a copy of the first edition of the *Cosmographiae Introductio*, published at St. Dié, to which the continent owes its christening, being the most important. This precious book, the possession of Mr. Ellsworth, of Chicago, will be shown in a glass case placed in the centre of the room. Around it will be grouped a collection of illustrations of the place where the book was printed, portraits of the author and publishers, and the patrons under whose auspices it was issued. Of the costly first editions with which this section is to be enriched, nearly all will be generously loaned, with very few secured by purchase; copies of the *Imago Mundi* and of other books constituting the library of Columbus on the *Santa Maria* will be added. A curious series of drawings and descriptions will be copied from De Bry, Philipono, and other imaginative writers of the time, who published fantastic representations of the original inhabitants, the faunal life, etc., of the new continent. With the record of these impressions from voyagers' reports and travellers' tales will be united the ethnological and archæological collections illustrating the true condition of ancient man in these countries.



THE OLD CHURCH AT PALOS IN WHICH WAS READ THE PROCLAMATION COMMANDING THE CITIZENS TO FURNISH MONEY FOR COLUMBUS.

A splendid illustration is to be given of the conquest of Mexico in three epochs—the civilization of the Aztecs, represented by collections of original material, by models, and photographs; the conquistadores, with a museum of relics of Cortez; and the epoch of the conquest of Peru, revealing the civilization of the Incas in interesting monuments and other forms of art, and the career of Pizarro, with numerous relics of that adventurer. The sources drawn upon for these collections, including costumes, armor, etc., are royal armories and other rich accumulations in two continents. The epoch of conquest in other parts of America will be illustrated. Another group is to represent the colonial period, that of the Spanish viceroys, with religious relics having an important part to play, of which many of genuine character connected with the Inquisition are to be obtained. A series to illustrate the epoch of the revolution for independence will complete this largely original representation.

Of the proposal made in 1867 to the Holy Father at Rome that Columbus should receive the honors known in the Roman Catholic Church as the honors of beatification, nothing longer is heard, although De Lorgues represented that these honors had been determined on ten years later; but between sainthood and the glory which is to be attached to his name through the appointed celebration, the choice might be difficult if offered to a living man. The present representative of Columbus, who lives at Madrid, is expected to participate in this commemoration. He is known in full title as Don Cristobal Colon de la Cerda, Duke of Veragua and of La Vega, a grandee of Spain of the first class, Marquis of Jamaica, and Senescal Mayor of the Indies. The Duke of Veragua has been invited to come over and bring his family. He has promised to do so, and to bring his collection. He is to be the guest of the people of the United States. A bill is now pending in Congress, which has already passed the Senate, tendering him an invitation in the name of the government of the United States, and directing the Secretary of State to make arrangements for his entertainment. The Duke has proposed to give a prize of $6000 to the writer of the best memorial volume of Columbus, with $3000 as a second-rank award.

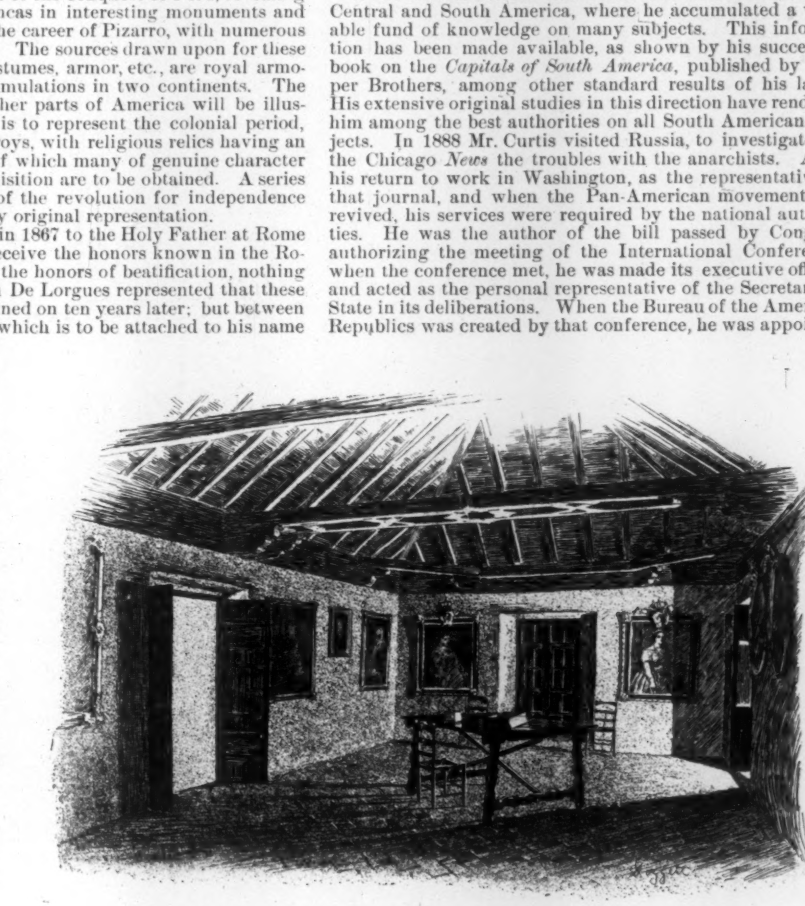
With a view to the promotion of commercial intercourse between the United States and the Latin-American nations, the arrangement is made for an additional representation. A few months ago officers of the army and navy were sent as commissioners to the several countries and colonies south of the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande, to convey letters from the President of the United States inviting them to participate in a commemoration that is of peculiar interest to them, and to encourage and aid them in the preparation of exhibits that shall display their resources and products.

This mission has been accomplished with even greater success than was anticipated. In accepting the invitation the republics and colonies have made appropriations amounting to more than $2,000,000 to pay the expenses of the proposed display. The companies operating lines of steamships between the United States and the ports of the South American republics have made generous concessions both in rates of transportation and in conveyance of passengers, so that large numbers of the citizens of those countries will be enabled to visit the United States during the exposition. Of the seventeen republics represented by the bureau at Washington, nearly every one will erect upon the exposition grounds a building of its own, on a plan to illustrate the typical architecture as well as the life and industries of its people. The native races, from the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico to the savages of Tierra del Fuego, will be present in groups to fully illustrate the varied types of civilization. As now proposed, the commercial exhibit will be permanently established at the close of the exposition either in New York or Washington. The arrangement is regarded as a substantial step toward realizing the dream of American federation.

To the direction of this department Mr. Curtis has brought great enthusiasm. His decided ability for the task is in a measure due to special experience, as well in Spanish American countries as in other sections. He was the son of an Ohio clergyman of limited fortune, and started early on a career of activity. After completing his course at the Western Reserve College in 1871, he regularly entered the profession of journalism. For fourteen years he was connected with the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, beginning in a subordinate position, and becoming finally its managing editor. While in this association he was engaged in several difficult and daring journalistic adventures, as in 1873, with a party of Pinkerton detectives in pursuit of the notorious bandits the James and Younger brothers, when all his comrades were murdered by the desperadoes.

He was with General Custer in his campaign against the Sioux Indians, and was sent afterward to Louisiana to report concerning the Ku-Klux, when he had several narrow escapes from assassination. At one time a reward of $5000 was offered for his capture dead or alive. For several years subsequently he had charge of the Washington office of the *Inter-Ocean*, until called back to Chicago to take the chief editorial management of that journal. In 1884 he resigned this position to accept the secretaryship of the South American Commission, to which President Arthur had appointed him. In the following year he was appointed Commissioner by President Cleveland to fill a vacancy.

While in this service Mr. Curtis travelled extensively in Central and South America, where he accumulated a valuable fund of knowledge on many subjects. This information has been made available, as shown by his successful book on the *Capitals of South America*, published by Harper Brothers, among other standard results of his labor. His extensive original studies in this direction have rendered him among the best authorities on all South American subjects. In 1888 Mr. Curtis visited Russia, to investigate for the Chicago *News* the troubles with the anarchists. After his return to work in Washington, as the representative of that journal, and when the Pan-American movement was revived, his services were required by the national authorities. He was the author of the bill passed by Congress authorizing the meeting of the International Conference; when the conference met, he was made its executive officer, and acted as the personal representative of the Secretary of State in its deliberations. When the Bureau of the American Republics was created by that conference, he was appointed its director, at the request of the foreign delegates. In 1890 he was invited to take charge of the Latin-American department of the Columbian Exposition, to which his attention is now largely devoted. E. T. L.



THE ROOM OCCUPIED BY COLUMBUS IN THE OLD CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

CONTENTMENT IN NATURE.

I WOULD not change my joys for those
  Of Emperors and Kings.
What has my gentle friend the rose
Told them, if aught, do you suppose—
  The rose that tells me things?

What secrets have they had with trees?
  What romps with grassy spears?
What know they of the mysteries
Of butterflies and honey-bees,
  Who whisper in my ears?

What says the sunbeam unto them?
  What tales have brooklets told?
Is there within their diadem
A single rival to the gem
  The dewy daisies hold?

What sympathy have they with birds,
  Whose songs are songs of mine?
Do they e'er hear, as though in words
'Twas lisped, the message of the herds
  Of grazing, lowing kine?

Ah no! Give me no lofty throne,
  But just what Nature yields.
Let me but wander on, alone
If need be, so that all my own
  Are woods and dales and fields.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ABANDONED FARMS IN THE EAST.

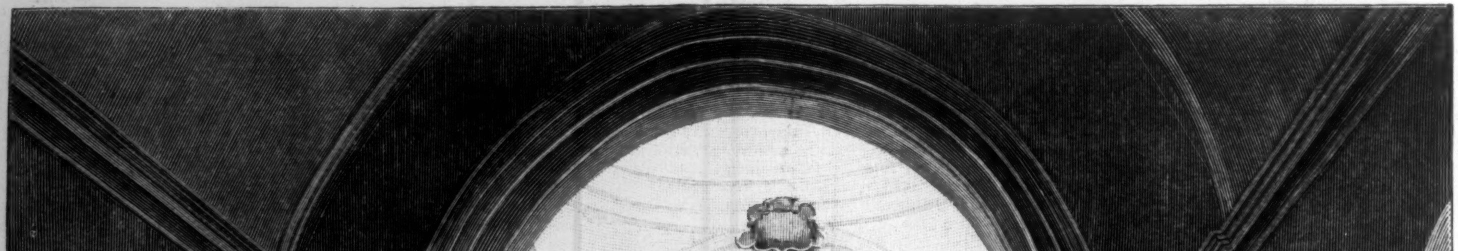
HAS agriculture so languished in the United States that farms once profitable have been abandoned because they could no longer be made to pay? For ten years or so we have read now and again that in many of the New England States especially, and in other of the North Atlantic States as well, this was the case, and that owners had deserted their properties rather than longer pay taxes, and had left these places for the occupation of whosoever might care to take possession. If this were entirely true, it would probably indicate that there was something lamentably wrong in the methods of husbandry, or that the soil, naturally sterile, had completely worn out after a century of culture. But the case is not quite so bad as this. There may be a very few places completely abandoned, but they are so rare that to find them would be almost as thankless a task as to search for plants bearing blue roses. Some places have been cleared and cultivated that should have been left in woodland, because the soil was too shallow ever to be fit for farming purposes. Other places have been completely ruined by bad farming, and the fertility will never be restored until another forest shall grow large and heavy. A very few of such places have been practically abandoned, but even on them it is doubtful whether squatters showing any intention of permanent occupation would be permitted to stay.

But there are places in many parts of New England that have been abandoned in the popular use of that word. That is, the owners have moved away, and the dwelling-houses and out-buildings are suffering the inevitable decay of unoccupation. But it is a distinct misnomer to call these farms "abandoned." The owners, for one reason or another, have gone to cities to live, or have gone West. Not having been able to sell their places at the desired prices, they have gone away leaving these places rented to neighbors. This is not abandonment, but it has some of the effects of it, for the value of dwelling-houses and farm-buildings rapidly deteriorates; fences fall down; weeds riot in pastures and fields, while the renter does little or nothing to stay the process of destruction. The cause of this in New England and the North Atlantic States is apparent to any one who will go through any of the agricultural sections of any of these States. The Eastern farmers, or at least some of them, have not realized the changed conditions of agriculture since the opening of the great grain fields of the West, and the completion of competing transportation lines to these remote sections from the Atlantic seaboard. A generation or so ago wheat and oats could be profitably grown on these New England farms. There was no other place to get these grains. Now, in the generality of cases, they are grown at a dead loss. If farmers will therefore persist in pursuing a course of action which is sure to involve loss, then the result is inevitable. But in every neighborhood there are a few farmers who pursue a different course, and they are as prosperous as were their fathers and grandfathers. There is nothing for the Eastern and New England farmer to do but to resort to small acreages of land and high culture. High culture involves the use of large amounts of fertilizers and the constant work of men. A man's acreage need only be limited by his capital and his ability to administer affairs. If he can command no other labor than that of his own hands, his acreage should be only as large as he himself can work thoroughly. Then, with crops of hardy vegetables that need not be taken to market in their green state, there is no reason why any industrious and intelligent man should not be able to make a fair living and lay by something for the time when crops fail. This is not "truck" gardening, but what ought to be called vegetable farming. As is now the practice, nothing is harder to buy in any ordinary agricultural section than vegetables, such as onions, potatoes, and cabbage. Horace Greeley thought that the building of manufacturing towns would induce most of the farmers about these towns to become market gardeners. This is not the case as yet, and not likely to be so in the immediate future. A farmer accustomed to old-fashioned field methods does not easily become a market gardener. The change from the one to the other is as a general thing too great for the capacity of the average farmer. The step is a very long one, and few have the courage to take it. But the change can be easily made in two steps—the first one reaching to the vegetable farm, and the second to the truck garden.

The States, with the aid of the national government, are disseminating an immense amount of agricultural information to all who care to learn. With such stores to draw upon there is no reason why any farmer who cares to make a change need seek very far for the necessary instruction. While such a thing as a really abandoned farm is hard to find, it is a sad fact that many farmers are not prosperous without knowing the reason why. In the new days the old orders change, and men must change with them.

THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS, BY ORTEGO.
In the National Museum, Madrid.

THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA, SPAIN.



ALTAR VIEW OF LA RABIDA.

COLUMBUS IN SPAIN.—[SEE ARTICLE "COLUMBUS HIMSELF AT CHICAGO," PAGE 802.]

A GROUP OF STATE BUILDINGS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

[SEE PAGE 813.]

MAJOR MOSES P. HANDY.

EXPLOITING THE GREAT FAIR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

At the beginning of the work on the World's Columbian Exposition it was resolved to organize a department like unto which there had been nothing in any other similar undertaking. That was what is called the Department of Publicity and Promotion. It has been in operation nearly two years, and has proved to possess a value not ever to be estimated yet known to be very great, because it has absolutely fed the press of the whole world with interesting news of the coming exposition. It has put this news in the hands of editors too lazy to have gotten it otherwise, editors too poor to have purchased it, editors neither lazy nor poor who could not have gathered nor presented it so attractively; but, better than all, it has been first in procuring it, so that every one, even the most enterprising, has been glad to get and use it.

An interesting thing about the Department of Publicity and Promotion is that it is itself conducted as if its rooms formed a great newspaper office. Major Handy, the chief, is the editor and guide as to the policy to be pursued in the gathering and treatment of that flood of news which so great an exposition creates as surely as a fire creates a current of air. His assistant, Mr. R. E. A. Dorr, is the managing editor in charge of the supervision of details. Subordinate to these gentlemen are a city editor, heading a staff of reporters; an exchange editor, reading all the newspapers for what has been published about the fair, and a corps of translators making the news legible to foreigners. The rooms of the department, in the Rand & McNally Building in Chicago, where all the World's Fair offices are, present scenes that recall a modern city newspaper office. There the editors sit receiving the public and issuing orders. There is the reporters' room, full of desks and crowded with busy writers; and there is even a mailing-room for the wrapping and addressing of the printed sheets of news.

The department was established in December, 1890, by the appointment of Major Moses P. Handy as its chief. There was nothing but its name in the files of either the National Commission or the directory of the exposition to indicate its duties or what results it was expected to produce. With the sanction of the Director-General, Major Handy at once took the position that the department must reach to every corner of the earth. About the first work done by it was the sending of a circular to every daily and weekly newspaper in the United States and Canada telling of the creation of the department, that it proposed to issue a weekly budget of news about the making of the fair, and that it would send this budget without cost to such papers as might desire it. The only return asked was that a copy of every paper containing anything about the exposition should be mailed to the department. About ten thousand publications responded, requesting that the weekly news-letter be sent to them. The promptness and great number of these requests necessitated the formation of such an organization as is hinted at above. Major Handy had spent all the working years of his life as a journalist, and, latterly, as one famous for his enterprise and successes.

Having established relations with the newspapers of the United States and Canada, a similar plan was followed with those of foreign countries. A newspaper writer of ability, who had French and English at his command, was employed to write a weekly letter in those languages; another for the German letter; another for Portuguese; and occasional letters were also prepared in Italian, Russian, Turkish, and Dutch. Including the letters in these foreign languages, the list of papers which weekly received the exposition budget soon outnumbered seventeen thousand. The work of exploiting the exposition may be said to have been divided under three headings: first, to let the world know where and what Chicago is, its greatness as a city, and its accessibility; second, to make thoroughly understood the plan and scope of the exposition, and the great opportunities it would offer any one in almost any part of the world to show his wares to the peoples of the other parts. In other words, the second stage was to secure exhibits. These two lines of labor may now be considered closed. The work has been finished, and in such a manner that there is now no place so remote that its people do not know all that it was aimed to make clear and attractive to them. The third stage of the advertising will be for gate receipts, and will include almost every kind of advertising known to the theatrical or show business.

In addition to the newspaper work, it was deemed of importance to interest as many persons of influence in their communities as possible, and the interest and co-operation of foreigners were considered most important. To secure the names and addresses of foreign merchants and manufacturers whose businesses were large enough to warrant their becoming exhibitors, if the exposition could interest them to that extent, an autograph letter was sent to every diplomatic and consular representative of the United States, asking for a list of the names of such persons in his district. The keen interest shown by America's representatives abroad resulted in a foreign mail list such as had probably never been equalled in this or any other country. The names of more than twelve thousand leading merchants and manufacturers were secured in this way. Every week for several months a circular or letter, printed in the language of the person for whom it was intended, was sent to these persons. The interest that was at once awakened was shown in the receipt of as many as forty or fifty foreign letters a day. It was found necessary to comply with the request of thousands of individuals who asked to be supplied with the World's Fair literature. Several State Legislatures instructed their clerks to request that this matter be sent to the home addresses of members. High officials of the Farmers' Alliance sent long lists of officers in all parts of the country whom they wished kept informed of what was done here. More than four hundred libraries asked for the literature for display in their reading-rooms and for final preservation. To enumerate all the classes into which this mail list, now embracing about seventy thousand names, is divided would be to mention almost every line of industry in the world.

While organizing the other systems, Major Handy also covered the essential point of determining what became of the matter sent to the newspapers. To do this, what would be called in a newspaper office "an exchange editor's room" was established, and arrangements were made for securing excerpts from clipping agencies in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, and Chicago. The several thousands of publications received in the department were also carefully read for matter relating to the exposition. Scrap-books were made for every State and Territory in the Union, and for every country on the face of the globe. After the clippings are read and assorted in the exchange editor's division, they are pasted in the various books. These clippings are so numerous that before the organization of the scrap-book division there was an accumulation of more than sixty thousand of them. And they are still received in such large quantities that the division is apt to be kept thirty thousand clippings behind its work. When these clippings are examined, careful tally is kept of the number of words each month's batch contains, and of the proportion thereof that was sent out by the department. The monthly report of the department for May shows that these clippings contain 5,314,000 words, of which 2,202,150 words were matter furnished by the department. The Department of Publicity and Promotion also does the translation for the entire exposition.

In time it became clear that the demand for pictures must be met. Many persons would not believe the news reports until they saw copies of photographs of the actual work under way. The architects' plans for buildings were photographed, and a large quantity of prints of them was sent all over the world. When it was decided to issue a colored picture, showing a bird's-eye view of all the grounds and buildings, a competition between the leading lithographers of the country was called, the rivalry being more with regard to the beauty and accuracy of the design than to the cost of the product. The water-color painted by Charles Graham was accepted and adopted as the official picture of the exposition. This picture has literally been sent to every part of the world. There is scarcely a town in the United States, in Canada, or South America, of fifteen hundred population or more, but has this picture conspicuously displayed. In a published interview a traveller just returned from the far East told of having seen one of these pictures in a native village on the edge of the Saharan Desert. Another traveller from South America and several from the Orient have made similar reports, showing the wonderful effectiveness of the methods adopted for this distribution. About one hundred thousand copies of this picture have been sent out, together with the newspaper cuts, which are being printed wherever newspapers are published, and which have made the artistic triumphs of the exposition buildings familiar to nearly every one. Every week at least forty thousand separate envelopes are sent out from the mailing-room, and each envelope requires at least a cent stamp. The work of folding, enclosing, and stamping these packages is all done in the mailing division, where also the addresses are put on the envelopes by mailing machines similar to those in use in the largest newspaper offices. Expert help has to be employed here, as in every other branch of the department. There was no time to educate beginners in an enterprise whose life is so short as this one's must be. The expense of all this has been very great, even though Major Handy has managed very economically, but the money must assuredly prove a paying investment.

THE TRUCE OF DEATH.

The rolling angry clouds from southward came,
Painting the waves beneath a sullen black,
At times a jagged lightning flame
Lit up the track.

Across the sun-lit skies the storm-clouds flew,
The noonday was resolved to twilight gloam,
The waves aloft in terror threw
Their crests of foam.

Then came a pale white cloud; it seemed to ride
Between the tempest and the raging sea.
"A flag of truce," the landsman cried,
Laughing in glee.

"Ay, ay," the seaman said, and as he spoke
Across the waters swept a chilling breath,
While thundering the tempest broke.
"The truce of death."

Flavel Scott Mines.

THE CLUBS OF CHICAGO.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

Chicago is the new city of a new world. It is difficult to properly characterize it without seeming to disparage it. Chicago is not only new, but it is busy, it is active, and it lacks the repose of the older civilization. There are not so many people in Chicago who have generations of wealth behind them as there are in New York or Boston or Philadelphia. There is a rush and hurry, an amount of real business to the city square, that is not to be found in the older cities—at least not to be found on the surface. People who are carrying on an established business are not so anxious and strenuous as those who have their business to build up. There is naturally not to be seen so much eagerness in the faces nor hurry in the footsteps of those who are content with a comparatively small amount of profit on a capital that has been piling up through the days of their fathers and grandfathers as in the eyes and rush of the men who have made a heavy wager with time, and must win the game before they can enjoy rest or contentment.

There are a good many vulgar things on the surface of Chicago, and by the same token there are a good many vulgar things on the surface of New York. There has been a deal of fun enjoyed over the half-baked culture of book clubs, Dante Club, Browning circles, and other outbursts of pretension or expressions of culture in the "Phœnix City," but there are a hundred points of kindred ludicrousness in the alleged literary circles of the metropolis. There are people who come out of the West with as much claim to recognition as cultivated men and women as is possessed by many of the best among us. There are libraries in Chicago, and men and women who read the books that are in them. There are art galleries in Chicago just as miscellaneous, just as good and just as bad, as the collections made by prominent New-Yorkers, with whose merits and demerits we have been made familiar by various contributions to our public art galleries and to our occasional loan exhibitions.

It is all very well for the New York and Boston newspapers to ridicule the literary and artistic pretensions of Western cities, but how much wealth would be accumulated by the proprietors of these same newspapers if their customers were confined to really cultivated people? Taken day after day, the best of the Eastern newspapers are not more meritorious, from a literary or serious point of view, than are their Western "contemporaries."

It is true that culture cannot be bought with money, and that the first strivings of the newly rich after elegance are ludicrous in the extreme. It is not so many years ago, however, that Mr. Curtis wrote the *Potiphar Papers*, and the people whose vulgar features he so accurately portrayed were of New York and Newport. Even to-day our satirists find food for their fancy in the doings of New York society, and the Master of Revels cannot compose a selected list of 150, to say nothing of the 400, or the "fringe of the inner circle," that does not smell of the shop. An American family that has been out of trade for two generations would find it difficult to keep up with the pace of the "best society," and, as a rule, is on its rapid way to the foot of the ladder, up which it may climb once more, if it is unusually lucky, in four or five generations. Fortunes, like other mundane things, are broken a good deal more easily than they are mended.

It is possibly true that there are more cultivated people in the East than in the West, for intellectual cultivation depends a good deal on social atmosphere, and it requires repose—the repose that accompanies accumulated wealth and enables its happy beneficiary to contemplate the minds of books—to find out why writers write and painters paint, to realize that there is a success in this world besides success in gaining wealth, and to appreciate that a spiritual possession is more beautiful than many blocks of houses.

It is the existence of this sort of feeling that constitutes the atmosphere in which artistic people like to live and manœuvre. The market for literature and art is in the East, and especially in New York. It goes without saying that the workers in the field of art and letters outnumber the amateurs, and that being so, there are more people in New York and Boston than in younger places who are calmly indifferent to the rush of trade and commerce, and who know and appreciate what has been done and is doing in the intellectual world. But that is no reason why New York society or New York business men should deride their Western brethren for lacking what they want themselves. The Chicago business man is quite abreast of the business man of any other city in the country. The percentage of what we loosely call educated men is apparently quite as large in Chicago as it is in New York. The tastes and dispositions of the ordinary people of the two cities are very much alike. College men are nearly as abundant in one place as in the other, and quite as many of Chicago as of New York. Graduates have forgotten their Latin and Greek quantities, and the refinements of their English pronunciation. It is true that the East has had the start of the West by a few years, but while this has made an opportunity of which advantage has been taken by a small class, it has also its disadvantages. Men and women who are ambitious of literary distinction do not find the atmosphere of Chicago stimulating; on the contrary, they find it distractingly material; and while intellectual gifts are hospitably, even generously, recognized, there is a lack of discrimination, and an absence of improving cynicism. Mr. Snarl, the critic, who objected to the absence of a shadow under the eye in what he supposed to be the portrait of Peg Woffington, when he was really looking at the face of the lively actress herself, was a ludicrous ass, but real art breeds such people, and when the restraining influence of true and educated criticism is not present, the sincere and honest artist meets with his chief mortification in finding that the admiration which he has excited is shared by the charlatan and the pretender. Yet the really cultivated classes have not modified the atmosphere of New York. Business is just as intense here as in Chicago, and the men who control the destinies of the two cities are equally engrossed in the pursuit of wealth. Socially, New York meets Chicago on equal terms. If anything, Chicago is slightly ahead in the matter of material comforts. Its domestic architecture is not only as good, but its examples of recent years have been distinctly better. It has better surface railroads, its enterprise having led to the adoption of improved methods which are but just beginning to meet with recognition in New York. Inventive genius generally finds its first market in the newer parts of the country, and electricity has had a much larger purchasing power in the West than it has enjoyed in the East. Boston alone of Eastern cities has attained to modern appliances on its street railway lines, but that is because it has enjoyed the services of a New England man with Chicago notions and energies, whose father's prosperity made it unnecessary for him to emigrate.

Chicago has as good cooks as New York, as good a market, as good a palate for wines, and is in every respect as agreeable a place of residence as the metropolis for the average American citizen who is well-to-do, and who can get along without opera every night, without a bad imitation of the fast set of London, without the opportunities for seclusion amid the crowd that are alone offered by a true metropolis, and without the most intimate association with the arts and letters that can be found on the continent. Chicago may be provincial, but provincialism is not the worst of municipal woes. There is no such fruitful breeder of discomforts as the lack of civil and local pride with which New York is afflicted. Moreover, provincialism is not distasteful to those who participate in its abundant self-esteem.

Even as the cities of the New World go, Chicago is very new. In 1837, only fifty-five years ago, it had a population of only 4000, and now it numbers more than a million inhabitants. Naturally the chances are that a Chicagoan of middle life was born somewhere else than in the "Windy,"

"Prairie," or "Phœnix" city, as the town is indifferently called. In 1850 there were fewer than 50,000 people in Chicago, but in 1860 there were more than 100,000, and in 1870 nearly 300,000. How rapid has been the city's growth since then is known of all men, not only of all Americans, but literally of all men in the civilized world, for Chicago was never guilty of doing herself the injustice of hiding her light under a bushel.

None but energetic people go to Chicago. The State of New York and the States of New England have sent to the building up of this great city the very best of their youth; boys to whose progress the crowded avenues of the trades and professions in the cities that numbered their existence by the century, offered too great an obstacle. Many of the best of the foreigners have also found their way to the prairies. The immigrant who goes West is an immigrant who intends to take advantage of every opportunity held out to him by a new civilization. One who remains in the city where he landed may be possessed of capital enough to fit himself at once in an old, or at least an elderly, condition of things, or he may have exhausted all his energy and ambition in uprooting himself and his belongings from the old country and in transplanting himself to these shores. The quick recovery of Chicago from its big fire in 1871 is a sufficient illustration of the spirit and courage of its people. It is the habit of the sneerer to refer to the mortgages in Chicago, but it is a poor kind of a sneer. If Chicago, after the bankruptcy of the fire-insurance companies, had waited to rebuild itself with its own capital, it is probable that it would not now be able to pay the interest on the debt it has wiped out.

Chicago is full of business, and most of its waking hours are spent in gathering dollars, and in attending to the building up of great trade relations. Man cannot live without society, however, whether his home be in Chicago or in the Forest of Arden, and there has grown up naturally a large and vigorous social life out of the conditions of existence in the city, although, doubtless, much has been transplanted that may seem incongruous in so new a municipal creation. Chicago sends her sons and daughters to educational institutions that have contributed both to excellence and to reputation through the growth of ages, and Chicagoans have tasted all the delights of Europe. It is possible that ideas and habits have been imported from the East and from the other side of the Atlantic that are out of place in the breezy West; for, transplant and import as we will, there is nothing truer under the sun than that society must take its tone and its manners from the characteristics of the place in which it exists. Here and there a man of delicate sensibilities, whose notions of life are best satisfied by the conditions that are only to be found in an old civilization, will undertake to modify the tone of those with whom he is compelled to dwell, but he can only succeed in illustrating the fact that he is out of place, and that he can find more pleasure in his recollections than in his immediate neighbors. There is a freedom from conventionality, a heartiness, and an emancipation of women in the West that mean a good deal, and the meaning ought not to be sacrificed to the idea that the prejudices of the East and of Europe are right because they are a few years older than the unrestrained enthusiasm and boundless hospitality of younger cities like Chicago. It is not to be inferred that this is a song of triumph of Chicago, and that I am about to make the common mistake of attributing the larger heart to the man who makes the most hubbub about his hospitality. A kindly word spoken in a soft and gentle voice is likely to be as sincere as one that is shouted in tones as shrill as a northwest breeze.

Society in Chicago differs from the society of New York or Boston about as the methods and manners of doing business differ in the several cities. A Chicagoan is merely a transplanted New-Yorker or Bostonian, and if his manners are freer and his habits of life easier, if he has less veneration for neckties, and a more natural sympathy with a brilliant collar button, it is only because he dares to do in public what he would have continued to do in private if he had remained in his old home. There are men in Boston and New York, and in Philadelphia, for that matter, who take off their coats when they enter their own homes, for ease and comfort are strong tyrants; and there are men in Chicago who observe all the proprieties. To be sure, the men who insist that they shall not swathe their necks on hot days, are bolder in Chicago than the same men could be in the East, and the sisterhood that insists on all its own rights, and prefers to enjoy the rights of men, is perhaps the more abundant in the West. In other words, it may be in their power to give a little reflex of their peculiar tone to the social atmosphere.

After all, these distinctions are subtle. Chicago is very American, and its society is delightfully free from certain conventionalities that embarrass the East, many of which were doubtless the inventions of old maids who had plenty of leisure to devise methods and rules of social procedure, by which the lives of their more successful sisters have been made less agreeable. But it would be a very analytical New-Yorker or Bostonian who could find anything in the general society of Chicago less elegant or less attractive than he finds in the general society of his own home. There is nothing that would better show the curmudgeon than the failure of an American to recognize and appreciate the kindly, generous hospitality that is bestowed upon strangers from one end of the country to the other. There is a tradition that Boston is cold, and that Philadelphia is dull, but no one believes it who has once enjoyed himself in the clubs of the two cities; and no one who has travelled through the land (and no one can be a good American who has not made the acquaintance of his country, big as it is) will believe that he cannot find in the clubs of Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco, and a hundred other cities of the prairies and the mountains, as well-mannered and as interesting men as he can find in any club in any of the older towns.

This paper is not concerning itself with the inner life of these cities. When you come to that, you can find something new in every one of them, something better of its kind than you can find anywhere else. You can doubtless also find what is as bad as anywhere else. But the intimate life of the city, especially that which marks off the very best from the rest, is not on the surface. In the clubs you see what the men of a town have a mind to show you, and as men do not go to clubs for the sake of ruminating on their miseries, or of imparting them to others than those, perhaps, who have what is occasionally the grievous misfortune of being excessively sympathetic, clubs are usually genial and stimulating to the pleasure-loving attributes and faculties of human nature. So you find in a Chicago club very much what you find in clubs here and elsewhere. You find men wearing their hats in a warm room because the early club-men of London wore their hats in cold rooms; you find the thirsty soul with whom conversation without whiskey is an unseemly waste of breath; you find the latest news about horses and the market—grain taking the prominence that stocks enjoy in New York; you will hear the gossip of the stage; you will become familiar with the seamy side of the society of the town; occasionally you will come across one of those clever men whose cleverness is useful enough to make them entertaining, and who go to the club rarely enough to make their advent the episode of the day; last but not least, if you stay long enough, and become thoroughly acquainted with the *habitués* of the institution, you will find the *chef's gourmet*, the man who knows not only the possibilities of the Chicago market, but the inmost secrets of the *chef's* skill. There is perhaps no more valuable man in a club's membership than he who by long and patient investigation and at large expense has discovered what the *chef* can do best. It is so pleasant on a weary morning, when the world is not so bright as the sun is trying to make it, when the rattle of a newspaper disturbs the nerves, and when the conscience is particularly active, to find the one man who can tell you the one dish that you can order from that particular cuisine that will gratify your rebellious stomach and will drive away the megrims.

Naturally enough, because not only social but human life in Chicago is comparatively new, the clubs of Chicago are of recent origin. In an article on this fascinating subject the public is informed that the establishment of clubs in Chicago has greatly improved the manners of the young men of the town, has noticeably elevated the general social tone of the city, and has diminished the patronage of the bar-woman. Excellent result of an admirable institution! But really it is not credible that an American town in the closing hours of the nineteenth century should be in such moral decrepitude that clubs should act upon its people as social and ethical missionaries. It is highly probable, although I must be deferential to the local authority, that Chicago clubs, like clubs everywhere, grew out of the social needs and conditions of the city. Undoubtedly the men of Chicago founded the Chicago Club because they wanted a home outside of their own dwelling-places where they could be comfortable, and especially where they could take their mid-day meal in congenial surroundings, the goodness of the meal itself being assured. I would respectfully suggest that the inadequacy of the Chicago restaurants, with their evil practice, not unknown to our own town, of insisting that their customers should get through in a hurry, and that the meal should be eaten under as painful circumstances and attended with as much noise as possible, first inspired the men of business with the idea of founding the Chicago Club. It was a down-town club, near the big hotels, and as the homes of the city have moved away from the stores and offices, other clubs have been made necessary to gratify the instructed Chicago taste. The rapidity with which clubs breed is one of the curiosities of sociology. One set of men in a city cannot found a club without inspiring other men to follow their example. The Temple Club of Boston bred the Somerset, and the Union the Algonquin. The Union in New York was followed almost at once by the New York, while the Manhattan was the result of the Union League. So it has been and is everywhere. White's and Bowles's in London, the Senior and Junior Universities and United Services; in Philadelphia, the Philadelphia and the Rittenhouse; in Baltimore, the Maryland and the Baltimore; in Washington, the Metropolitan, the Cosmos, the University, the Army and Navy Club, bred the desire for clubs; and the men who help to found the first, if they are true club-men, are always willing to aid clubless ones to get a cheerful roof over their heads.

It was natural that the first Chicago club should be founded by business men for business men, and that it should be situated in the very heart of the brisk and rushing part of the town. It was in 1869 that this organization first came into existence, and it was very soon a most prosperous institution. There are a great many people in the United States who are in the habit of going to Chicago, some on business, some for pleasure, and many for politics. A large number of National Conventions of both parties have been held in the city, and, in consequence, many of the leading politicians, who, to adopt ex-Speaker Reed's definition, will be Halesmen after they are dead, have visited Chicago. Therefore, the fame of the Chicago Club and of its abounding hospitality has reached to the uttermost bounds of the republic. There are few clubs that have finer reputations for their cuisine than the Chicago Club, and quite as few where genial members leave a more pleasing impression on the passing guest.

A banker, Mr. N. R. Fairbanks, the picture of whose handsome and typical American face graces a reception-room of the club, was its most liberal benefactor in the years of the club's infancy, and for fourteen years he was its president. He was succeeded by the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

Among the names of the founders are many that are strongly suggestive of New York and New England. There are Philip Wadsworth, Emory Washburn, Jun. (son of the old Dean of the Harvard Law School), Lathrop, Morse, Willits. The substantial men of Chicago belong to this club as a matter of course, but of recent years, as I have already said, there has been felt to be a need of clubs nearer to the homes of the city, to which men may be seduced away from their families for a pleasant evening with their fellow-men.

One of the first of the newer clubs to satisfy this want was the Calumet, the best-named and perhaps the most magnificent of Chicago clubs. Certainly the club is most beautifully situated on one of the fine avenues in which Chicago so greatly excels New York, and indeed all the Eastern cities. Very much the same kind of men compose the membership of this club as are to be found in the pleasant rooms of the Chicago Club. In fact, it would be difficult to base clubs in the Western city on the subtle distinctions that mark the differences between clubs in New York and Boston and Philadelphia. To an unsophisticated Chicagoan, one who has not travelled much in the older parts of his native land, a very rare person indeed, it would be difficult to explain why a man who is a member of the Union, for example, would never dream of being admitted to membership in the Knickerbocker. Chicago is doubtless acquiring these artificial distinctions, many of which rest on nothing at all, but at present its tendencies are altogether too democratic to admit of them. The Calumet Club is the home club of the men who dwell in that part of the city, and within its walls you will find all the kinds of men that go to make up the respectable and solid part of Chicago society.

On another side of the city is the Union Club, whose house is one of the noblest examples of the finer architecture of the city. It was also one of the first clubs in the country to recognize the domestic value of thoughtful and brilliant decoration. In point of modernness the Chicago clubs are greatly in advance of similar organizations in the East, largely for the reason that they are of more recent origin and their homes are newer. Some of our best club-houses are disfigured by the interior architecture and decoration that had its wicked way from thirty to fifty years ago, and are either garish with the red and gold of the Third Empire, or are dark and heavy after the manner of the London club-houses. But the Union Club-house is pleasing to the eye; and Chicago clubs generally have come into existence so recently that their buildings have been characterized by modern thought and fashions from the very start. If an established Eastern club is seized with a desire to get men into harmony with the spirit of the age, it must tear down and modify and change, or start afresh.

If any one doubts the statement already made that clubs breed clubs, it is very necessary to recall the rapidity with which in recent years the university clubs have sprung up throughout the country. The first University Club was that of New York, and began its existence somewhere in the early seventies. This example of the college men of the metropolis has been followed in other cities, notably in Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, and Chicago.

About 500 constitute the membership of the Chicago University Club, which is a down-town club, and consequently more frequented in the middle of the day, when the town lunches, than it is after the town has dined. Nearly all the Eastern colleges are represented in the membership list, and Harvard and Yale men have been thus far more prominent than the graduates of the University of Chicago. But the city that is—or at least that thinks it is—rushing on to the first place, is bound to have its institution of learning as well as the other institutions that go to the making of metropolitan life, and a recent liberal contribution to the university indicates that the time is coming, and perhaps is near, when the graduates of the home college will figure most conspicuously in the membership and management of the club.

The home club of the North Side of the city is the Union; of the South Side, the Calumet; of the West Side, the Illinois. There is hardly any difference between these clubs. If any one is familiar with the distinctions between the people of the three "sides," he can foretell what kind of men he will be likely to meet in each of the clubs.

The Hebrews have their club, the Standard; and like the club-house of these sociable people in New York, it is one of the finest edifices of the kind. The essential difference between the American and German club (Hebrew or Gentile) is that the former are for the men, while the latter are for the family.

The Chicago people are as earnest in their politics as in the management of their business enterprises, and there are a number of clubs founded for the dissemination of the political beliefs to which their members are attached. There is, of course, the Union League Club, which, however, was not founded during the war, when the chain of Union Leagues in the East was organized. It is naturally, from the character and political complexion of the city, a large and strong institution, and one in every way worthy of its large and influential membership. The Iroquois Club is a Democratic club, and has done as much for the spread of tariff reform principles as any kindred organization in the country. It and the Union League are down-town clubs, so that the best hour to enjoy its hospitality is in the middle of the day, when the lawyers and judges, as well as the business men who have political tastes, come together for their luncheon. It was in the Iroquois Club-rooms that the Committee on Resolutions of the Democratic National Convention of 1884 drew the platform on which Grover Cleveland was elected to the Presidency. The La Salle is the principal Republican club. There is another Republican club, younger, more spirited, and more directly concerned in practical politics than the Union League or La Salle. Indeed, its particular purpose is the stimulation in young men of the desire to take part in practical politics, and to show the "boys" what can be done by educated men in the way of manipulation when they put their minds to it. The Marquette Club is appropriately housed in the dwelling once owned and occupied by that veteran Republican Elihu B. Washburn.

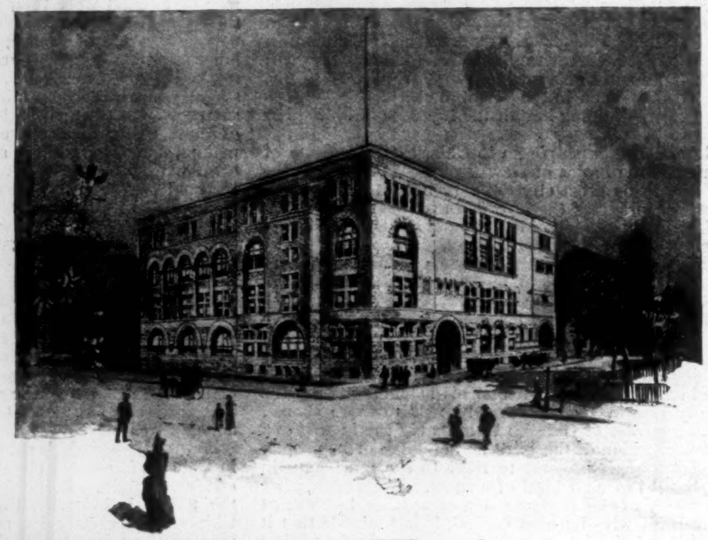
A club of which Chicago is very proud is the Washington Park Club, which is a race-track with a club-house attachment, and is to Chicago what Morris Park or Jerome Park or Sheepshead Bay is to New York.

Finally, while Chicago has a variety and number of clubs, the men of Chicago do not frequent them as diligently and constantly as certain men of the East go to their clubs. There is comparatively less lounging and idling in Chicago than in the older cities, although, in point of fact, a stranger with plenty of time on his hands would find it difficult to detect the fact that the city is composed entirely of the industrious. There are whist-players, chess-players, gentlemen who like to sit in windows, gentlemen who yawn between—smokes, gentlemen whose fathers made the fortunes that they have some one else to take care of, gentlemen, in a word, and plenty of them, who are only too glad of a comrade, constant or chance, who will help them to do nothing. Nevertheless, there are clubs in the East, and those the most fashionable, that present a very lively sight from late in the afternoon until early the next morning, compared with what may be seen in the Chicago clubs that are nearest like them.

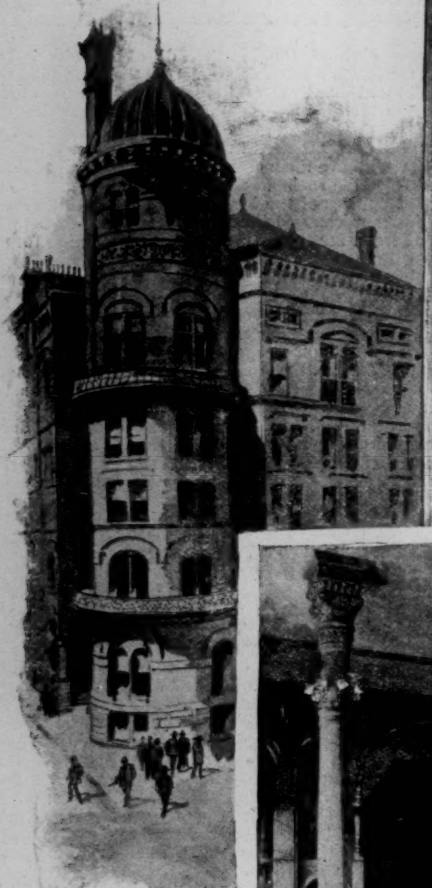
In a recent interesting article on Chicago clubs, by Mr. Charles Page Bryan, some observations seem to indicate that a conflict of opinion was going on in the mind of the writer as to whether or not the placid, indolent monuments of financial success or the rushing, eager enthusiasts of business are the more delightful. But finally he decides against the idler, and pins him on the point of his satirical pen with the following ethical sentences: "The all-day club *flâneur* is so far unknown in Chicago. The few conceited addle-pates who are inflicted on suffering humanity by society as now constituted are lost sight of in the multitude of able men who form a large majority of the membership of Western clubs."

Happy, industrious, bewildering, stimulating West! It used to be so here. There was a time, to paraphrase an extinct temperance pamphlet, when haste and indigestion locked skeleton hands, and danced together around the fallen body of their victim. In a generation or two there will be more mellow humanity in the West; maybe the signs of expiring fortunes, maybe the ripened fruit which breathes forth the aroma of the fine result of a careful cultivation and wise natural selection. Then *flâneurs* will grow in number, and the community will grow in grace. It is not always the man who is in a hurry about his own money-getting that does most good in the world, nor the man who sits longest at the club who robs the most widows and orphans. It may be that even the stern moralist whom we have quoted may some day come to see that club life is the pleasanter for the presence of the man who can afford to waste his time.

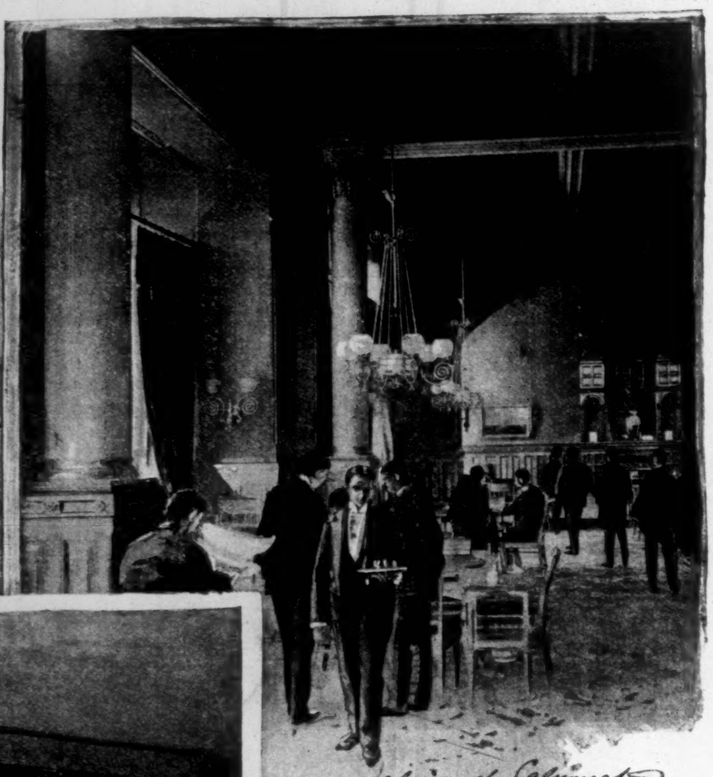
the Union



The Standard



The Union League



Interior of Calumet

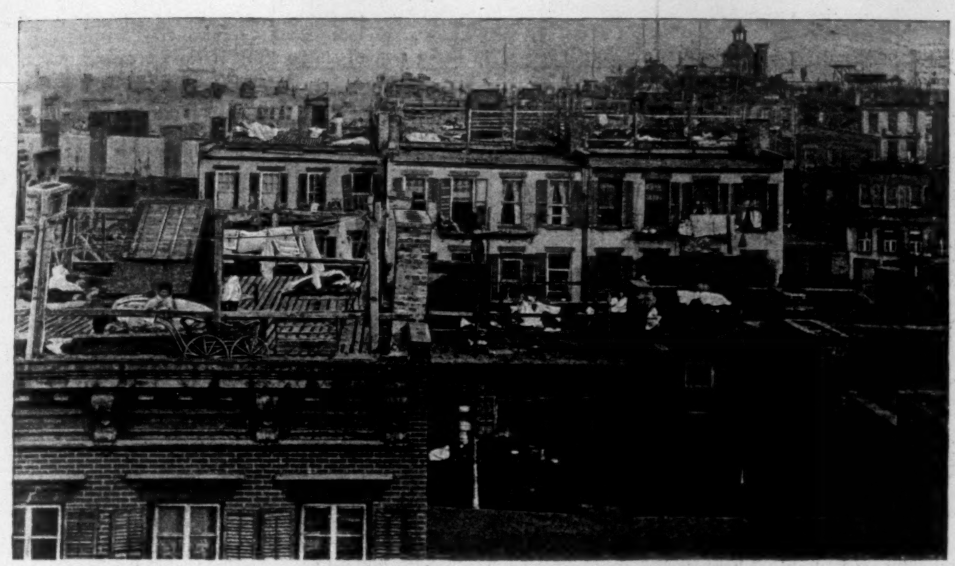
The Chicago Athletic

Fire place in Union League

The Calumet

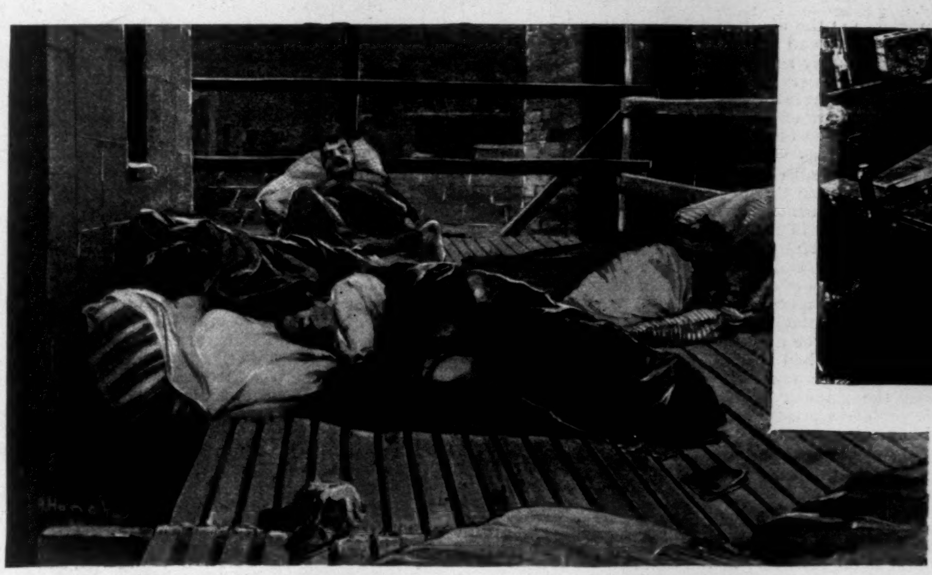
The Chicago. C. Graham

CHICAGO CLUBS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 806.]

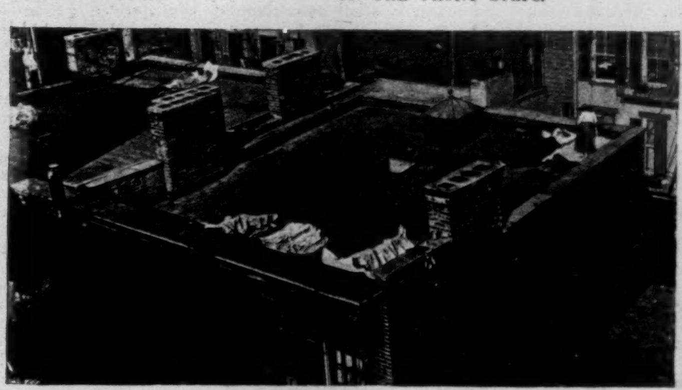


GENERAL VIEW OF ROOFS.

ON THE FRONT STEPS.



IMPROVISED BEDS ON THE ROOF.



LOOKING DOWN ON A ROOF.

AN OPEN-AIR NURSERY.

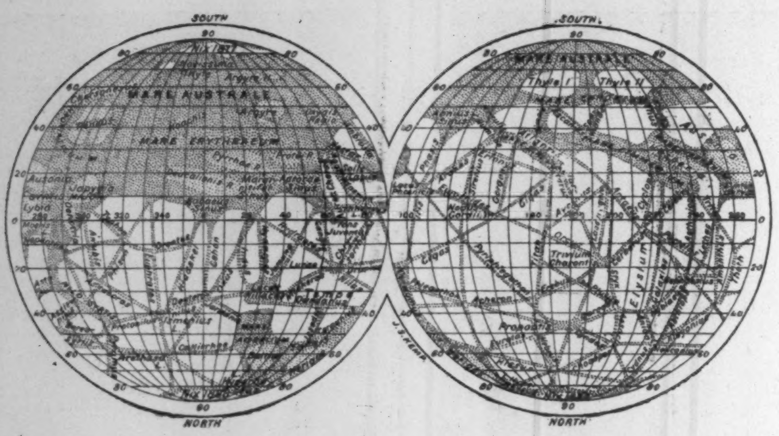
FREE ICE-WATER.

ON A SIDE STREET.

IN AN ALLEY.

NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSES ON A HOT DAY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSIE SHEPHERD, WARREN DAVIS, AND AL. HENCKE.—[SEE PAGE 814.]



SCHIAPARELLI'S CHART OF MARS, SHOWING THE SYSTEM OF SO-CALLED CANALS.

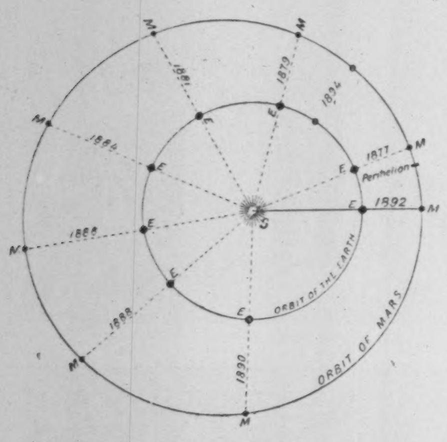
THE OPPOSITION OF MARS.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

ON the 4th of August, at 1.21 o'clock A.M., seventy-fifth meridian time, the planet Mars was in what astronomers call opposition. This simply means that the sun, the earth, and Mars were at that time situated along a straight line in space, the sun being at one end, Mars at the other end, and the earth between them. An opposition of Mars is not a very infrequent event, but at comparatively few oppositions is Mars as near to the earth as it was on this occasion.

The earth travels around the sun at a mean distance a little short of 93,000,000 miles, while Mars's mean distance from the sun is about 141,500,000 miles. By drawing two circles, one within the other, to represent the orbits of Mars and the earth, and supposing the sun to be at their common centre, it can easily be shown that when the two planets are on the same side of the sun, and in a straight line with it, they will be as near to one another as they can get, while they will be at their greatest distance apart when they are on exactly opposite sides of the sun. If the orbits of the earth and Mars were circles, the distance of the latter from the earth when in opposition would not vary. But the orbits are ellipses, so that the planets are not always at an equal distance from the sun, and consequently not always at the same distance from one another when Mars is in opposition.

Mars's orbit is much more eccentric than is the earth's. In fact, the distance of Mars from the sun is variable to the extent of more than 26,000,000 miles, while the similar variation of distance in the case of the earth amounts to only about 3,000,000 miles. It is chiefly owing to this eccentricity of the path in which Mars travels that its distance from the earth varies greatly at different oppositions. If an opposition occurs when Mars is at or near its perihelion, *i.e.*, its point of nearest approach to the sun, the distance between it and the earth is only about 35,500,000 miles, while that distance becomes more than 61,000,000 miles if the opposition happens when Mars is near its aphelion, or farthest point from the sun. These facts are graphically illustrated in the accompanying diagram, by the aid of which it will be perceived that in 1877 an opposition occurred when Mars was very near its perihelion, and when its distance from the earth was almost the least possible. Following around the circle in a direction opposite to the movement of the hands of a watch, it is seen that at each successive opposition Mars was farther from the earth until 1888, when it had begun perceptibly to approach the earth, and the opposition just passed (1892) occurred again near the perihelion point, but



OPPOSITION OF MARS, 1877 TO 1894.

not quite so close to it as in 1877. The next opposition, in 1894, will occur when Mars has passed far beyond the perihelion point.

It will be noticed that the oppositions do not occur every year, but every second year. The reason of this is that the earth requires a little more than two years to catch up with Mars again after having been in conjunction with it. To illustrate this, let us start with the earth and Mars together on the same side of the sun in 1892. In 365¼ days the earth will have gone round the sun and arrived at the same point again. In the mean time Mars, which requires 687 days to make a circuit around the sun, will have travelled more than half-way round by about 22 days' journey, and will be on the other side of the sun from the earth. The earth then swings into its second round, gradually overhauling Mars, but not rapidly enough to overtake it before Mars has passed the line where they met before, and entered upon its own second round. By the time the earth catches up with it 780 days will have elapsed, and Mars will have travelled about 93 days' journey beyond the point of their former meeting. Their second meeting-place, in 1894, is indicated in the diagram. By continuing this rough calculation it will be perceived that at the seventh opposition following that of 1892, *i. e.*, in about 15 years, the two planets will again meet near the perihelion of Mars. These specially favorable oppositions occur either at the seventh or the eighth return, allowance being made for the variations of Mars's velocity in its eccentric orbit, and for its position with respect to the perihelion point at the time of the opposition from which the calculation starts.

Another glance at the diagram will show that for a considerable time before and after an opposition Mars and the earth are comparatively near together. It results from this fact that valuable observations upon Mars may be made during a period of several weeks about the time of opposition. The astronomers' efforts are not all concentrated upon the precise date of that event. In the present case, for instance, the observations will probably be continued until the first part of September at least.

The keen interest that the present opposition of Mars has aroused both among astronomers and in the popular mind is due to the fact that in 1877 Asaph Hall, at Washington, discovered two wonderfully minute satellites attending Mars at very close quarters, and G. V. Schiaparelli, at Milan, detected a curious system of delicate lines, or stripes, covering the equatorial and temperate zones of the planet, to which the name canals was attached.

These were among the most interesting discoveries in our planetary system that had been made since Herschel's time, and they immediately awakened a widespread desire to learn more about the singular planet to which they related. While the problems presented by the little satellites had, perhaps, the greater attraction for astronomers, Schiaparelli's discovery commanded a larger share of popular interest, especially when at subsequent oppositions, not so favorable in regard to distance as that of 1877, he added many curious details to his delineations of the surface of Mars, and other skilful observers in part corroborated the results of his observations.

In addition to the discovery of the canals, our knowledge of some of the larger and more conspicuous markings on the disk of Mars was at the same time greatly advanced. The behavior of the white caps covering the poles of the planet, which even in Sir William Herschel's time had been ascribed to the presence of snow there, was more carefully studied, and additional evidence was obtained that these white regions really do increase and decrease in extent coincidently with the change from summer to winter, and *vice versa*. And here it should be recalled that the seasons upon Mars bear a general resemblance to those of the earth. While its year, as we have seen, is equal to nearly two of ours, its day is only about forty minutes longer than the terrestrial day, and the inclination of its axis is so nearly like that of the earth's that the extent of the sun's excursion alternately into the northern and southern hemispheres is almost the same as upon the earth. A seasonal complication is introduced by the fact of the great eccentricity of Mars's orbit, but I have not space to enter upon a discussion of that. Then, too, owing to its great distance from the sun, Mars gets, on the average, less than half as much solar light and heat as the earth gets, and yet the area of its supposed polar snows, compared with the extent of the polar snow regions of our planet, would seem to indicate that the surface of Mars is rather warmer than that of the earth.

When Schiaparelli began to publish charts of Mars showing the system of canals and other features of the planet discovered by him, speculation quickly entered this inviting new field, and the suggestion was put forth, not by any competent authority in astronomy, however, that perhaps the canals were actually the work of manlike inhabitants of Mars. When it was pointed out that the canals were hundreds and even thousands of miles in length, and 80 or 100 miles in width, and that such stupendous undertakings were manifestly beyond human power, it was replied with enthusiasm that since the attraction of gravitation on Mars, whose diameter is only 4200 miles, is only about two-fifths as great as on the earth, its inhabitants may be giants 15 feet tall, and therefore capable (especially as the material handled would, bulk for bulk, have only two-fifths of the weight of similar material on the earth) of accomplishing physical tasks far beyond the strength of the puny sons of Adam. It was also argued that Mars, like the moon, must be older in respect to development than the earth, and that its inhabitants may consequently have advanced to a far higher stage of civilization and mechanical skill. As the discussion grew warm, frequent appeals were made to the arbitrament of the observations to be taken during the very favorable opposition of Mars in 1892.

While these things kept popular curiosity awake, astronomers looked forward to the opposition as presenting an excellent opportunity to test the accuracy of the observations of Schiaparelli, and others who had discerned the canals, and to learn additional facts about Mars's odd little satellites, but without any expectation of settling at a glance the question of the habitability of that planet.

The results of the observations made, so far as they have become known, indicate a substantial verification of Schiaparelli's discovery that Mars is covered with a curious network of lines or narrow bands. Many of these have been seen with the great Lick telescope in California. A look at the copy of Schiaparelli's chart, printed herewith, will show the singular distribution of these enigmatical phenomena. One feature observed by the Italian astronomer has not been perceived as yet with the Lick telescope, and that is the so-called gemination, or doubling, of the canals. This does not prove, however, as has been stated, that the gemination does not occur; for Schiaparelli has expressly said that the canals only appear double at certain seasons, their ordinary aspect being that of single straight lines crossing one another at all angles.

The tendency to doubling of certain features would almost appear to be characteristic of these strange markings, for a recent report of the Lick Observatory observations states that the spot called *Fons Juventæ*, which the reader can find on the chart, was seen double during the recent opposition.

It will be observed that Schiaparelli has, without hesitation, denominated the darker-colored areas on Mars as seas, gulfs, and lakes, the lighter-colored areas (they are really reddish in hue) being regarded as land. This is in accordance with the general opinion of astronomers; and yet, as indicating how uncertain the whole question of the real character of these markings is, a recent remark of Professor Holden's may be quoted to the effect that "nearly every one of the important appearances can be accounted for about as well by supposing the planet to be red-hot and to have a very extensive atmosphere as they can be by supposing the planet to be cooled off and to have land and water and a rather thin atmospheric envelope. The latter is the usual hypothesis, and, on the whole, it appears to be the more likely."

One word as to the satellites of Mars. The recent observations with the Lick telescope have shown some interesting results with respect to these. The most distant of the satellites is only 12,500 miles from the surface of the planet, and its period of revolution is only thirty hours and eighteen minutes. The inner satellite is 3700 miles from the surface of Mars, and it travels so swiftly that it goes round the planet three times a day, and rises every night in the west. During the past few weeks, on Mount Hamilton, they have been watching the eclipses of these little moons as they pass into the shadow of Mars, and they have seen them so distinctly that they have been able to make a calculation of their diameters. Mars's largest and most distant moon measures about twenty miles in diameter, and the diameter of its smallest and nearest moon is only about eight miles.

This is truly a wonderful planet, which so closely mimics the earth in some of its features, and so completely upsets analogy in others.

THE PEDIMENT OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

OVER the main entrance of the Agricultural Building, now in course of erection at the World's Fair grounds, is the pediment which is pictured on page 796. It is made of plaster, about fifty-seven feet in length, and twelve feet high at the apex. The figures are heroic in size, and represent the return of Proserpina from the realms of Pluto. Ceres, the goddess of grain and harvest, is the massive central figure, and on her left is Mercury leading Proserpina back from Erebus, while the attendants of the earth are scattered about. Drunken old Silenus is on hand to make merry over the dawn of spring, accompanied by Bacchus and a satyr. Flora and Pomona, with their flowers and fruit, also attend, while others of the minor deities and demi-gods are grouped here and there. The pediment, as erected in Chicago, was modelled in full size by the sculptor, and sent from Italy in small pieces. The figures are in high-relief, and in perfect keeping with the magnificent building they adorn. The olden legend that is portrayed by the figures—the return of the harvest-time and plenty—also makes the pediment in harmony with the exhibits that the building will contain.

The building was designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, and the pediment made by a brother of Mr. Mead—Mr. Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor—who has for some time resided in Florence, Italy; but his work is well known to his countrymen. The statue of Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, is one of his famous works, and the Ethan Allen in the National Statuary Hall at Washington is also his. This latest work, although not of a lasting character, is wholly worthy of the artist, and even amid the thousand other beautiful things at the World's Fair will not be lost sight of. The work of erecting the pediment is now going on, and it will shortly be in position.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE says that it was his famous book *Ben-Hur* that won for him his appointment as Minister to Turkey. After President GARFIELD had read the newly published story, he sent for General WALLACE, who was an old-time friend, and said: "I want to send you as Minister to Turkey. The duties will leave you plenty of time for writing, and I hope you will produce a book on Constantinople." When the commission was made out, the President endorsed on it with his own pen, "Ben-Hur. J. A. G." This was but a short time before General GARFIELD was shot, the news of the assassination reaching General WALLACE by cable when the vessel bearing him arrived at Liverpool.

—The venerable mother of Mr. WHITELAW REID lives on the old REID homestead, near Springfield, Ohio. She is a woman of striking appearance—tall, white-haired, and well-preserved for her advanced age, for she is within a few months of eighty-nine. When a correspondent called on her recently she was dressed neatly, but with great plainness, in a gown of black and white striped calico, with an old-fashioned cap of white lace on her head. Mrs. REID'S memory for the events of her younger years is excellent, and she tells quaintly of her son's departure for college. "When WHITELAW went away to school," she said, "he had a hard time to get along. One day I packed up for him a crock of butter, a loaf of bread, a sack of meal, and a boiled ham. I wrote him to get some buttermilk to mix with the meal and make some cakes. He wrote me back that it was the best meal he had eaten for a long time." Mrs. REID preserves with great care a cedar-tree her son planted near the portico of the house when a boy.

—Judge WALTER Q. GRESHAM, whom the People's party vainly urged to become their candidate for President, is a few months past sixty years of age, and so well-preserved, erect, and vigorous that he is still one of the handsomest men in Chicago. He has been on the circuit bench since 1884. His war record, which the present generation has almost lost sight of because of his prominence in political life, was a most admirable one. He entered the Union army when twenty-nine as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Indiana, and two years later, after gallant service at Vicksburg, which won GRANT'S praise, he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He commanded the Fourth Division of BLAIR'S corps in the fighting before Atlanta, and received a wound which disabled him for further service, but in recognition of his gallantry he was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers.

AMATEUR SPORT

ON THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE, Monday of last week, like the preceding Saturday, turned out to be a big schooner day. The wind was light at the start, and in fact through the first part of the run, otherwise *Constellation* could have been relied on to do 103 miles in very much less than ten hours, notwithstanding the expressions of pleasant surprise at her performance. Given a smooth sea and a strong quarter wind, and any of our schooners of over 100 feet water-line length is good for a rating gait of nearly if not quite 12 knots, with interludes of considerably more. This has been proved at sea many a time, and by a number of vessels. Though light, however, the wind was fair at south-west, and the east-bound tide helped everybody, while off that headquarters of wrecks, Chatham, the breeze freshened and remained at fair summer strength all the rest of the way to Marblehead rock.

Naturally the big schooners went ahead, *Dauntless* hunting *Constellation*, and *Merlin* after them both, all well smothered up with sails, which in their artistic curves make a fast schooner going free, next to a clipper-ship carrying stunsails, the most effective of ocean spectacles. *Wasp* managed to win the sloop prize, with *Gloriana* well up, and *Harpoon* sandwiched between the pair. This cup should, on a run of this length, have gone to *Katrina*, and if that sloop had been in the form she was last year, when she led by many minutes the entire fleet, with *Constellation* second, and *Iroquois* third in that hard 60-mile beat from Glen Cove to New London, it would probably have done so, for fast as the forty-sixes are, *Katrina's* 70 feet of length ought to make her a winner in this sort of a race. As it was, however, *Katrina*, just as she was beginning for the first time on the cruise to show some speed, carried away her topmast, and was out of it. Of the rest, *Iroquois* seemed to brace up, and administered a handsome beating to *Marguerite*.

AT MARBLEHEAD HAVE BEEN the usual functions of welcome and hospitality on the part of the always hospitable and ever-sporting Eastern Yacht Club, the members of which, by-the-way, were beginning to feel somewhat sore over the long delay on the part of the N. Y. Y. C. in returning the visits to the westward of the cape which the Eastern boats make each year. The fact is, alas! that Boston and its neighborhood are the headquarters of American yacht sportsmen. True, the Seawanhakas and the Larchmonts, on the Sound, and the Corinthians, on the harbor, have much sporting blood; but the N. Y. Y. C., year after year, tends to become more and more a big steam-yacht affair, with ladies, *chefs*, and dress-coats, and such like *agréments* of high civilization—very charming and proper indeed, but not conducive to the best interests of yachting as a manly sport.

At Marblehead have occurred the yearly rowing and naphtha-launch racing, which are of more interest to Jack than to the public. If there were a standard size of rowing boat, tests of this sort would be of more general interest; but the boats vary so much in shape and weight that the question of crew superiority is difficult to decide. So far as the launch-races go, contests between launches are as uninteresting as contests between "depot" wagons, to which useful but prosaic vehicles the naphtha launch is a near cousin.

In fact, contests between any sort of steam-vessels are uninteresting. Your steam-yacht is a convenience. It is available for entertaining purposes. It is useful for cooling off and resting tired business men; and it is the popular craft for elderly people and yacht-owners of the "passenger" class; but it is conducive to laziness, and will be the death of yachting except in the small classes. Just so sure as a club comes to count many "teakettles" on its list, just so sure is that club to lose its sporting tone.

THE YACHTING FERVOR WHICH POSSESSES the coast population of New England is very plainly shown whenever a race comes off at Marblehead by the crowds of people who come long distances merely to stand on the shore and contemplate sails in the far offing. The Marblehead triangle has, however, one of its sides running parallel with the shore, and of that twelve miles of the course a fair view can be had by the shore contingent.

In Wednesday's race for the Gerry cups this side, from Half-way Rock to the Graves, happened to be the weather one, and if there had been a little steadier and heavier wind there would have been nothing to be desired. As it was, the southwest breeze was very fickle, and did not become true until the Graves buoy was turned, consequently the beat down was not very interesting, as the element of chance entered largely into the places held. *Gloriana*, *Wasp*, and *Harpoon* tried for wind under the land, and found little of it, while *Barbara*, keeping her starboard tacks aboard, stood well out to sea, and came in for all the breeze there was. And so it happened that she reached the bell buoy on the Graves with a good 8 minutes in hand over the *Wasp*, and 7 minutes over the next vessel, which was *Merlin*. *Marguerite* likewise had a wind streak of luck, and picked up a long lead which *Iroquois* had of her, and rounded the mark just after Mr. Ellis's schooner. *Gloriana*, leading *Harpoon*, and with the pieces of a broken club dangling from her gaff end, bore up for the run to the next mark 8 minutes behind *Wasp*, seemingly so discouraged that she lost ground steadily, and finished hopelessly behind Mr. Rogers's sloop and some 8 minutes astern of *Harpoon*.

FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER *Gloriana* has not been herself this summer, and her Marblehead performance was distinctly bad; perhaps Captain Barr, good skipper as he is, has not learned the boat, and perhaps to sail a Herreshoff racer, a Herreshoff is needed. Certainly *Wasp*, handled by Mr. Nat Herreshoff, seemed to wake up on Wednesday as she has not during the cruise. When half-way to the second turn *Barbara's* good luck in the way of wind was evened up by her breaking the bolt out of the bobstay clevis, and thereby being thrown out. But for this accident *Barbara* might have taken second place. First was beyond her power, as when the accident occurred *Wasp* had half closed the gap between them, and was going after the Fife boat like a swordfish after a bluefish. Going free and before the wind, *Marguerite* beat *Iroquois*, as did also *Mayflower*, and although *Constellation* led across the finish, she couldn't give the small schooners their time, and, in consequence, a thousand-dollar cup goes into *Marguerite's* plate locker. *Lasca* was in harbor, but did not start, and *Alcæa*, which did, made a dismal show of herself. The fact appears to be that neither of these schooners is as yet in racing form, and judgment in their case must be reserved. Judges, however, are of the opinion that *Lasca* has a great turn of speed in her, and truly, for a first season's boat, she had done unusually well.

General Paine and *Alborak* did not put in an appearance at Wednesday's race. Apparently *Alborak* is not yet fit, in the General's opinion.

THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB'S special race on Thursday saw *Wasp*, *Harpoon*, and *Gloriana* at the starting-line prepared to try conclusions for the cup, while the schooners *Marguerite*, *Constellation*, *Mayflower*, and *Iroquois* sailed for a $400 subscription sweepstakes. The breeze was true and strong, and the sailing fast. Off Eastern Point *Gloriana* lost a topmast, but as she was certainly beaten by *Wasp*, and probably by *Harpoon*, this calamity did not affect results. In the schooner race *Marguerite*, which seems to improve with each successive race, secured an apparent win, although *Mayflower* was so close to her that a remeasurement has been claimed. Ever since she was altered into a schooner, *Mayflower* has been rather an indifferent performer. But this year she has shown a marked improvement, indicating that her master has begun to find out her personal equation. That a boat of *Mayflower's* shape should be slow, no matter what rig she is under, seems an improbability.

IT WAS PROPOSED BY THE HOSPITABLE ENTHUSIASTS of the Eastern Y. C. to show the benighted New-Yorkers what Boston can do in the way of "freak" boats by having a big race of the 21-foot class. To get the entries would have been easy, for the minds of the 21-foot men are bent on running, and neither wind nor weather interfere with them. But the New-Yorkers could not wait longer, and so with Wednesday's race the squadron cruise of '92 becomes a memory.

Some time ago, Mr. Sanderson, with commendable spirit too, sent the 25-rater *Pyxie* round the cape to settle the vexed question whether the 25-rater class, which, after all, may be called boats, can give their time to the 21-footers, which must be called sail-carrying devices. *Pyxie* has not settled this question satisfactorily, but to judge from her recent match race with one of the fastest of the 21's, she can give her time. *Pyxie* lost her match by a break-down, but when the accident occurred she was an easy winner. Moreover as the Boston boats rate about 25 feet, and were built under a water-line classification, while *Pyxie* was built under a rating rule, and measures considerably more than the Boston boats on the line, there will be an opportunity to form interesting comparisons. It is to be hoped that *Pyxie* will win, for she is far and away a better and more serviceable type than the Boston boats, which cannot carry their sails to advantage in anything approaching a breeze. The success of the small sail area boats has this year given a severe blow to the sail measurement where, as in Boston, classification is limited by water-line alone. But where classes as well as time allowance are determined by the rule, a more wholesome type results. Even if *Pyxie* is defeated, it will not show that the Boston 21-footer is faster than the 25-rater, for there is another rater, *El Chico*, yet to be seen in Eastern waters, representing the Bristol idea of the best proportions of length and sail under a rating rule, and when Herreshoff meets Herreshoff "then was the tug of war."

THE WATERS OF THE SOUND and the ocean have been well furrowed by steam-driven hulls during this cruise, and remarkably ugly vessels most of them are. In fact, bar a few boats by Herreshoff, and two or three Delaware-built craft such as *Atlanta*, there is not a pretty outline in the whole propeller fleet. The ugliest are the English forms; they all suggest old-time Cunarders, except *Sultana*, which resembles the sort of vessel that might be turned out of an English dock-yard for the purpose of hunting slavers or pirates on the African or Chinese coasts, where coal is expensive, and it is well to use sails when possible. The most American and the most effective-looking craft in the lot is Commodore Vansantvoord's side-wheel *Clermont*. This yacht has the grace of a fast New York river boat, a light draught of water, is easy in any sea into which she is likely to go, and can be run at her best gait without fear of a break-down. And her best gait is a very good one, for, with the exception of a few torpedo-boats like *Vamoose*, she is probably as fast as any boat in the fleet. Moreover, while the light high-velocity torpedo-engines of the propellers have a most disgusting habit when speeded of breaking down, an American side-wheel walking-beam engine will do its work for years without a single visit to the shop. It was on this account that the veteran and much-experienced owner of *Clermont*, ignoring chaff, decided on a side-wheeler. The coal bill of a yacht, said he, is of small consideration. What a man wants is an enduring engine which does not give trouble, light draught, and plenty of room, all of which factors call for side wheels. Certainly *Clermont* has these attributes, and not improbably the Commodore will experience after a while that sincerest form of flattery called imitation.

ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE CRUISE has been the good sailing of the old *Dauntless*. Plumbing her masts has improved her looks, and apparently her speed, as she has taken an extremely good place in every one of the port to port runs. Mr. Colt, Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club, is generally well liked, and the ship has a very creditable history, and every one is glad to see her well up at the finish.

MR. HEARST'S KIND AND HAPPY THOUGHT of loaning the *Vamoose* to the press during the cruise made the reportorial life a pleasant one, and added much to the accuracy of the work done. *Vamoose* is easy in a sea, she is comfortable enough, and she has the requisite speed to be a moving observation point in a large fleet of fast vessels spread over an extensive surface of water. And, too, she did not break down or give any trouble, which, when it is considered how capricious boats of her sort are, is highly creditable. Everybody's thanks are due Mr. Hearst.

NAHANT'S WEEK OF LAWN-TENNIS was one of the best of a very successful season. The invitations to play at Nahant are still highly prized by the "cracks," and the Sears boys were therefore able to bring together fully as representative a body of players as in years past. C. P. Hubbard, S. T. Chase, and Q. A. Shaw were there as representatives of the West; Clarence Hobart and E. L. Hall fought most pluckily for the honor of New York; and F. H. Hovey, Malcolm Chace, and P. S. Sears worthily represented New England. Never before had a Nahant tournament drawn players from so widely separated sections of the country, and as the system of each player contesting a match of the best two in three sets against every other still prevailed, a very fair test was presented, and a good line drawn on the respective chances of the contestants at Newport.

THE PLAY OF THE FIRST DAY developed something of a surprise in the easy victory of Hobart over Hall. It was expected that the former would win, but not easily. It was plain to see that Hobart had at least partially carried out the determination expressed by him just after his defeat by Campbell for the championship last summer, viz., to improve his work at the net. His ground strokes were played as powerfully as of old, but he went to the net with more frequency and with greater success than in past seasons. Hall, on the other hand, if not actually timid, certainly seemed to lack that confidence which characterized his game earlier in the season. His refusal to play in the singles at Saratoga the week before had been based on the idea that he was going back instead of improving in his play as the season advanced, and this, together with the crushing defeat by Hobart, made the outlook a trifle gloomy for the young New-Yorker. But the gloom was entirely dissipated by the second day's play, however, for Hall won from both Hovey and Malcolm Chace in brilliant style, neither of his adversaries securing a set. Hovey does not appear to perform so well upon dirt as on turf, as he prefers a low bound for his ground strokes, but the style of court should not have interfered with his great volleying and smashing, and it is hard to explain his signal defeat, and especially so in view of his recent match against Hall at Longwood.

IT WAS THE THIRD DAY, however, which brought the greatest sensation. Up to then Hobart had won four matches and lost none, and his general play had been such that the first prize was almost universally conceded to him. But now Malcolm Chace put in his bid, and by defeating Hobart showed that his play certainly at times possesses strength enough to constitute him a dangerous adversary at Newport. There seemed to be no excuse for Hobart's defeat except the good tennis shown by his conqueror, who played a net game almost entirely, and volleyed Hobart's hard drives with skill and precision. Of the other contestants in the tournament, Sears, Shaw, Chase, and Hubbard were virtually out of it at this point. Chase had not won a single match, and seems to be going back rather than improving as the All-comers week draws near. Philip Sears had taken single sets from one or two of the most clever men in the tournament by occasional brilliant streaks which reminded one of his play in former years, but he appeared unable to continue his good work for more than one set, and fully confirmed the opinion expressed in these columns two weeks ago—that he would not be dangerous at Newport. And as for Hubbard, while he is undoubtedly a strong and graceful player, he also will find the company at Newport a trifle too fast. At the same time his record, both at Nahant and Longwood, has been most creditable, and every player has a complimentary word for the graceful Californian.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of the Nahant tournament the contest ended in a draw, Hobart, Hall, and Chace having tied for first place. Hovey possibly might have finished better had he been more "fit" physically on the last day. He was defeated by Hobart after making a very plucky fight, and had sufficient strength left to play only one set against Chace, which he lost. The other, of course, went by default. This was the sixth meeting between Hovey and Chace during the present season, and the first victory for the latter. The tie for first prize was settled by a play-off between the three men, and Hall, who had been improving day by day throughout the week, speedily settled the matter by defeating both Hobart and Chace in straight sets. Too much cannot be said in praise of the nerve and skill of the young player, who could so easily defeat Hobart, after the latter had won from him in two straight sets at the opening of the tournament only three days before. Nor was the victory due to any loss of skill on Hobart's part. It was amply accounted for by Hall's wonderful improvement during the week.

HALL'S GREAT VICTORY AT NAHANT of course brings him forward most prominently as a possible winner at Newport. For the first time in many years there is no tournament at Narragansett this week, and all of the "cracks" are taking a rest, except V. G. Hall and a very few others who are playing at Bar Harbor. In next week's issue I shall have something to say of the chances of the prominent men at Newport. The drawing will then have been made, and we can all make our guesses as to who will be the one fortunate enough to meet Campbell for the championship. The latter arrived from England on Saturday last in good condition and eager for the fray.

THE POSITION OF THE FOUR CLUBS in the Amateur Baseball League at present is approximately what was expected and predicted by this column shortly after the season opened. The Staten Island Athletic Club leads the procession, and shows no sign of relinquishing its hold on the pennant which it has won for a number of years. While Van Zant's arm has not been very serviceable to the club in the pitching department, he has done more than any other man towards winning games. After changing around through various positions he has been playing first base recently, and saves his fellow in-fielders many errors. The New Jersey Athletic Club was in a fair way to make a close finish until it dropped two games to the tail-end crickets. These two games brought the Staten Island Cricket Club out of last place, and left the Englewood Field Club in possession of that undesirable position. Tyng has been pitching a splendid game for the S.I.C.C., and if his arm had got into condition a month earlier his team would have won second place. The E. F. C. has played in one continual streak of hard luck, losing players in every conceivable manner. The latest trouble was the sailing for England of an amateur baseball nine to compete with the clubs recently organized in Great Britain. T. B. Cuming and Lawson, the Field Club's catcher and pitcher, went on this excursion, and their places have not been filled satisfactorily. Prosser and L. D. Mowry were forced to retire through illness, and three other players dropped away because of the general collapse. The abuses as to pure amateur players have been more noticeable than ever this season. No team in the league can throw stones because of the superabundance of hot-bed sashes in its residence. Each one, however, would like to cry "stop thief!" if he was sure the crowd would not run in the right direction. Of course there are honest, hard-working amateurs on all of the nines, but they are far in the minority, and decreasing in numbers with every game because disgusted with the whole shameless swindle.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—BY "C. DE HURST."—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

IN "TOUGH MIKE'S" SALOON.

AMONG THE ANARCHISTS OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 798.]

STATE BUILDINGS AT THE FAIR.

BY M. A. LANE.

THAT odd group of buildings at one end of the grounds of the Chicago Fair known as the "State buildings" will furnish an attractive feature of the great exposition. For it will be a diminutive United States, where will gather, in part only, it is true, a general population drawn from all the States of the Union. Surely, never before was offered to the foreign student of American people such a rare chance of seeing all classes and conditions of men, women, and children, from absolutely all parts of the country, as will gather in this quarter of the fair-grounds. Strictly speaking, the prospect in this feature of the Columbian Exposition will prove more alluring to very many people born and bred in this country than the splendors of the Electrical Department or the overawing grandeur of the arched Liberal Arts Building.

Among these State buildings stands most prominently the house of that new State of the far West—Washington. Now Washington is a State of wood. Ideal timber grows here, and why should it not? For Washington was and is in many respects the ideal remote of which so many have heard, and which so few have seen. It was desired that the building of Washington at the fair should reflect, in so far as it was possible to make it reflect, the natural resources of the soil. It was desired that the originality and picturesqueness of this building should at once attract attention and hold observation, and to that end the most exhaustive studies were made of the work of all wood-building peoples that the history of architecture commanded. England, Switzerland, and France gave evidence to the designers, and the result was the gathering up of all that was best and most poetic in the achievements of generations of men that wrought houses out of felled trees. "Lumber" is the one word that stands out above all else in this structure.

Facing the grounds of the fair will be the main entrance, and this will be the eminent feature of this building, and something entirely original with the designers. It will be constructed in the form of a rockery. The outer part is composed of low-grade ores, and through these will show veins of silver, lead, and many other minerals. The crevices will be filled in with earth, in which will be growing grass, flowers, native moss, and vines. Directly before the front of the building will be planted a spar that will consist of one tree as long as is possible to get within the grounds. This will be rigged with the ratlines and halyards of a ship's mast, and a crow's-nest near the top. There will be no supporting columns in the interior, which will be finished in a quite plain fashion. The roofs are supported with massive timbers of finished fir, which will be exquisitely decorated, after the manner of the timber of the Goths in mediæval times. The dimensions of the building will be 216 by 138 feet over the extremes. The central portion measures 125 by 72 feet, and there are two wings measuring 72 by 118 feet each. Through the four towers will run four stairways, leading to the offices and the various apartments used by the executives. The main building is 50 feet in height, and the height of the side wings 35 feet. Three of the towers will be 65 feet high, and the fourth, 100 feet. The area covered by the floor is 22,000 feet. The Washingtonians are assured that their State building will make a sensation at the fair.

The building to be occupied by the State of Maine will, in a way, also show off to advantage that peculiar building material for which this great State is celebrated—that is to say, granite. The architect, Mr. Charles F. Frost, who now lives in Chicago, was formerly of Lewiston, Maine, and it is under his supervision that the structure will be erected. The entrance to the building will be from the avenue that faces the lake in this part of the grounds. Leading up to the portals will be built a grand flight of granite steps that will be 28 feet in length. The last two steps of the flight have been measured in the architect's plans to be 6 feet wide, and the company that has the contract to furnish the material will quarry these two steps out of one piece of the material, thereby indicating the superb work of this nature that the granite quarries of Maine are capable of.

The main entrance of the building is through a noble arch, the proportions of which have been suggested, it is said, by the construction of a similar arch in the Post-office that has been recently erected in Augusta, of the same State. Bordering this arch on either side will rise two solemn pillars of polished red granite. On the outer side of the arch are two other pillars whose color, black, will form a novel and pretty contrast with the brilliance of the other material. Three arches will stretch between these pillars, as provided for in the original plans, and three different sorts of granite are used in their construction, the outer part being highly polished. It is said that the material in these arches will furnish a representation of all the well-known kinds of granite that is quarried in this State of granite.

The interior of the structure is not less handsome than the exterior. Within, at either side of the main portal, is a stairway leading to the second story. And directly within the entrance is a lobby or rotunda, octagonal in shape and with a diameter 28½ feet wide. Opposite the stairway in this rotunda is an old-fashioned open fireplace, surrounded by a beautiful mantel. The executive commissioners from the State and the press of the State will be allotted quarters on the first floor. These rooms will be nigh the entrance. And on either side of the octagonal rotunda is planned a large reception-room. Near by, in the rear of the building on one side, is a convenient smoking-room for gentlemen, near the reception-room for gentlemen, and on the other a reception-room for ladies. Through the rotunda penetrates an octagonal opening from the first to the second story. The upper floor will be devoted to the uses of the State's exhibition, and it is therefore left entirely open.

It was the earnest desire of many of the people of the State to finish the various rooms of the structure in many of the finely polished woods of Maine, such as beech, maple, pine, spruce, and others. This will hardly now be done, as it has been found necessary to reduce the cost here and there. But the plans will not be altered to an extent that will cause any sort of dissatisfaction with such people from the State of granite that visit the fair, and register at their own headquarters.

There is in Chicago a widely known, wealthy, and influential organization calling itself the Sons of Maine. This organization, as may be readily gathered from its name, was founded, organized, and is supported by gentlemen who left their parent State and emigrated West to the metropolis of the West when the city was young and was just beginning to make its influence felt in the trans-Alleghany regions. It is to this organization and to the enthusiasm of its members that Maine owes the splendid site that has been awarded to its representative house. It is one of the choice lots given to the various members of the sisterhood of States. The lot fronts on the lake, whose waters lap the beach not more than two hundred feet from the bottom of the grand staircase. Across the driveway from it on one side is the beautiful Art Building. On the opposite avenue, and built along to the end of the site, are the building of the English government and the structures of the new States and the Territories, including Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Montana, Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho. Adjoining the Maine headquarters are the buildings of Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, West Virginia, and South Carolina. So that Maine will be surrounded alike by the Southern, New England, Middle, and Western States.

Colorado will spend as much as $30,000 in the erection of its building at the exposition. This is not a large sum as compared with that which will be expended by other older and richer States, but the Colorado managers have used great and wise discretion in the placing of this money, and the result will be flattering to the people of this Western commonwealth. The cost of various State buildings ranges between $15,000 and $300,000.

The dimensions of the building are 55 by 125 feet, and the house will be carried up two stories. The plans of all the State buildings are, and were, of course, subject to the approval of the Central Construction Department, at whose head is Chief Architect Burnham. And the Colorado designer, acting on the suggestion from headquarters, marked out his design in the style of the Spanish renaissance. The decision to use staff in the work opened up a broad field for Mr. Wendell's architectural genius, and left him practically untrammelled in the matter of detailed ornamentation. He was at liberty to elaborate the exterior into columns with capitals, friezes, squandrils of arches, and mural sculpture of all fashions and orders, and he followed up this privilege well. The roof of the Colorado building will be of red unglazed Spanish tile, and the exterior coloring will be of a rich ivory. All the work showing above the roof will be in copper.

The entrance will be made through the salient feature of the design—the vestibule in front—and here there is the main hallway, 28 by 34 feet, ending in an open handsome fireplace opposite the doorway. To the right of the hall is provided a spacious smoking and reception room for gentlemen. To the left of the hall, on entering, is the reception-room for the ladies, and back of the main hall is situated the office for the registration of visitors, and here too are the rooms for the executive officers of the State. Flanking the main entrance on either side is a tall tower, through which ascends a fine broad staircase that leads to the second story and opens into a great assembly-room, which is for the use of committee meetings and other gatherings too large for the smaller executive offices. This room is 60 feet in length, and is covered by a circular vaulted ceiling, whence the place will be illuminated by electric lights. The ceiling, too, is to be handsomely decorated, and the lights artistically arranged. At the ends of the assembly-rooms will be furnished reading-rooms, where may be found all the Colorado newspapers and literature bearing on the subject of the State and the fair. A curious feature will be hanging balconies at both ends of the building, suspended just below broad open casement windows.

Along the main front of the structure is another and a larger balcony coincident with the length of the structure itself. This porch will be 15 feet wide, and from it will be seen one of the most charming views of the whole exposition grounds. The staircases in the towers will ascend past the upper story to an open lantern at the top, from which will be available a fine bird's-eye view of the fair. The towers are almost 100 feet high.

The State of Colorado was quite liberal when the matter of funds for its representation at the fair was first broached. The Eighth General Assembly of the State appropriated the sum of $100,000 to be used by the local managers in pushing the interests of this magnificent Western commonwealth at the Columbian Exposition. Of this sum $20,000 was understood to be for use the year of 1891; $30,000 to be used during the year of 1892, and the remainder to be used during the year of the exposition—1893. Now the State Board found that there were various uses for the first half of the appropriation—uses that were imperative and could not wait. Were the $50,000 allotted the first and second years taken, and of this amount $30,000 expended on the erection of the building, the State would have its building, but the exhibits that it had in mind for the fair would be neglected. The collection of exhibits in the various departments whose chiefs were already in the field would certainly consume all or the major portion of the allowance for the first two years. Colorado found herself between two fires; either abandonment of her exhibits or her building, and she wisely took a middle course, and deserted from the front after the fashion of the Irish trooper who could find no rear. She borrowed enough money to erect her building on the strength of the appropriation from the State, which had provided for the delivery of only $50,000 up to the 1st of January, 1893. The request was made formally to the Denver Clearing-house Association. An interest-bearing certificate was turned over to the banks, and the money was found forth-coming at once.

GOLD BULLION

Is attractive, but its hue in the skin and eyeballs is repulsive, and indicates biliousness, a malady, however, easily remediable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nausea, sick headache, pains through the right side and shoulder-blade are manifestations of liver complaint, dismissable with the Bitters, which also banishes malarial, rheumatic, and kidney complaints, nervousness, and constipation.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM.

THIS WORLD-RENOWNED DIETETIC PREPARATION is a solid extract derived from most superior growths of wheat—nothing more. It combines the GREATEST QUANTITY OF NOURISHMENT with the LEAST AMOUNT OF LABOR NECESSARY FOR ITS DIGESTION, and stands to-day an UNRIVALLED FOOD IN THE ROOM OF THE SICK OR CONVALESCENT.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.

Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.—[*Adv.*]

THE fashionable ladies corrective tonic is ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned tonic.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

The **1892** Model

Remington Typewriter

EXCELS In Quality of Work, In Ease and Convenience of Operation, In Simplicity of Design, And Durability of Construction.

Send for an Illustrated Catalogue.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.

Apollinaris

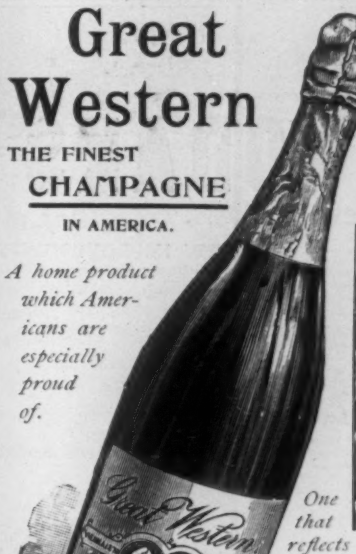
"More wholesome than any Aerated Water which art can supply.

"Invalids are recommended to drink it."—THE TIMES, London.

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Great Western

THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA.



A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

Now Used in many of the Best Hotels, Clubs, and Homes IN PREFERENCE to Foreign Vintages.

For Particulars, Prices, etc., address.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,
RHEIMS, Steuben Co., NEW YORK.

There will be music in the air during the Presidential Campaign, and the demand for bands and drum corps will be great.

Our 100-page illustrated catalogue will be sent free to any address for six cents in stamps to pay postage.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
CINCINNATI, O.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

THE HARRISON STATUE.

A statue of General William Henry Harrison has just been completed by the sculptor Louis Trebisso, and will shortly be erected in Cincinnati. The General is represented on horseback, with drawn sword, and attired in the picturesque uniform of his day, which is decidedly more attractive than the regular uniform now worn. The face is strong and handsome, but not so familiar as the features of the General after he became President. The sculptor, Mr. Trebisso, is well known as the designer of the Grant statue which is erected at Chicago. His latest work will be placed in position as soon as the pedestal is complete.

A HOT WAVE AMONG THE POOR.

When this new hemisphere was formed, an all-seeing Providence placed a great city, like this New York of ours, close to the great waterway that separates it from the old. Were it not for the ocean breeze which in the hottest weather finds its way at some period in the twenty-four hours among the hovels and tenements of this great city, our poor would die by hundreds in the streets, as we read of in those plague-stricken cities of antiquity. Take a look with me at a few figures. The district on the east side of New York below Fourteenth Street presents now such an anomaly of contrast to what the honest burghers of New Amsterdam expected of their settlement in the New World, that few indeed of us who stop to consider the *raison d'être* of this district would dare to claim that this is yet a "new country," when all the characteristics of the oldest of the Old World have taken root in our midst. In the district referred to over 51 per cent. of the dwellings contain 20 persons to a dwelling. In New York there are 312,766 families living in 81,825 dwellings, while in Philadelphia there are 205,135 families living in 187,052 dwellings, an average of only 5.90, while the above figures make New York's average 18.50 persons to a dwelling. And it is this terrible east side that raises New York's percentage so high, and makes this district one of the most densely populated in the world.

Think of this district during a heated term, when the thermometer reaches the 100 line, and the percentage of humidity follows fast in its footsteps. If you wish to realize what New York really is, take a trip through Hester, Oak, Orchard, Rivington, Cherry, etc., on this east side, or Sullivan and West, etc., on the other side of the town. See the people in the doorways and windows of their wretched homes. What a mockery of the word! See them clustering in a small spot beneath some awning or shade from an overhanging pile of lumber, where the cruel sun does not strike in; at night or after sundown, standing upon the corners looking for the breeze, fairly panting for breath, gasping for life. In the winter-time you see these poor creatures huddled about the itinerant coal-wagon, with buckets, baskets, or the dress held up, to buy their scanty supply of the "black diamonds." July and August see the same vender peddling out small blocks of the "frozen liquid" to the same poor, half-starved wretches. In winter these people gather about the end of the cart, with shawls over their heads; for the buyers are always women, although occasionally children, their faces drawn and pinched with the cold. Now they are bare of head, and often, too, of foot, their faces wan and white, with a look of despair upon them that seems almost ready to break out into a cry for help. It is curious to see with what feverish anxiety they watch the ice-man chop off their "nickel's worth," how it is hurried into basket or bucket, or wrapped in the folds of their wretched and, alas! often filthy gown. Once they have secured the ice, they hurry down some alley or cellar or stairway into the seemingly endless blackness of a hallway to some tenement hovel, hugging the crystal to their bosoms like some dear friend. A grade lower yet are those who patronize the free ice-wagon of the Moderation Society, and whose income is so uncertain that not even a nickel can be spared to help keep cool.

At night those who can, take to the roofs and sleep there, in preference to the fetid atmosphere of the tenement closet, without light and without air, by apology called a room. And when it rains, even then they stick it out upon the roof, and get soaking wet—anything in preference to the atmosphere in the terrors below.

Walk through these districts during a hot wave and take note of the babies. There upon the steps of this pestilent-breeding building is a group of half a dozen children, the infant of the flock held in an elder sister's arms, not over five years old, and all so deathly white and emaciated that involuntarily one almost shudders. As I stood taking in the group, a little girl's voice exclaimed, "It's Jimmy Callahan as is dead—him as wuz took up las' Christmas for stealin'."

And as I looked across the street a woman was attaching to the door-bell a dirty piece of white crape. I turned to the group on the step; a deathlike silence had fallen upon it; they were staring intently at the signal of death, as if just then a glimmering of their own dreadful situation had reached their dulled brains, and they were mentally wondering how soon their own turn might come.

The illustrations furnished for this article do not overdraw the subject; they are taken from photographs and not drawn in a studio, and are true pictures of the tenement life during our summer. What to do with this conglomerate mass of sizzling humanity is a problem as great as any that presents itself to the humanitarian side of our metropolitan life. Another almost ineradicable difficulty in dealing with the question of what to do for the improvident poor during the summer months is the ignorance and suspiciousness of the foreign population, which forms so large a percentage in these overcrowded districts; dirt, vice, and squalor travel as their close attendants, and when a hot wave makes its appearance these people seem to revel in their surroundings. It is here where the death-rate takes a jump when the thermometer climbs to a hundred. Riding one night in an elevated train, a party of Italians sat opposite to me—father, mother, and three small children, the youngest a baby in arms. Evidently they had been on some excursion, and this was the winding up; the aforesaid baby was in the act of commencing on a huge banana, and looked so wan and puny that it seemed an effort for it to eat. Finally I interfered, and made them understand I wanted to buy that banana, which I did for a dime, finding its way into the palm of the eldest hopeful. "What they need in this town is a Society for the Education of Mothers," I said to a friend as the guard yelled "Eigh' fus'." As we passed out, the baby had another banana in its dirty little paws—a contingency I had not counted upon.

Naturally there is much organized relief. St. John's Guild and kindred societies, the Fresh Air Funds of the *Tribune*, *World*, and *Life*, do an unfathomable amount of good. Three dollars sent to *Life* will send a child to the country for a week. Many a child is saved for future usefulness, perhaps, and the ties of family life, no matter how wretched or squalid, are preserved through these funds and societies. But in spite of all these aids the misery and suffering caused by a hot wave among the poor are untold and untellable.

Perhaps one remedy would be to tear down these pestilent rookeries and make city parks of their sites; this might work a hardship to some, but it would have the effect of scattering these people, of breaking up that clannishness which so distinguishes those arch allies, poverty and vice, and of giving more lungs and more breathing-spots to our city. And yet how difficult to minister to the wants and needs of the people! Passing Manhattan Park the other day, a couple of men, carters they seemed to be, were holding a desultory conversation.

"I don't believe in these here parks; there's Central Park, and the Riverside Drive, and another one 'bove; got too darned many parks, I believe," said one.

Now how is it possible to legislate for the good of such a barbarian? We read of "Darkest Africa" and of other barbarous and semi-civilized countries, where much missionary work is done to help save the souls of these multicolored savages. Spend the money these excursions cost upon excursions to help our poor escape from the evils of our tenement system during our hot waves. Help them to see a little of God's country, of the ocean and its cooling waters. Think of the "white savages" in "Darkest New York," and of what they suffer in the killing heat; give them free ice and plenty of it, free fruit, and free medical attendance; teach them sanitary laws that mean life and health. There is crying need right here in New York for teachers who can show our own people how to keep body and soul together all the year round.

Harry P. Mawson.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

KODAKS

NEW FEATURES.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS.

The New Model folding Kodak has glass plate attachment, Barker shutter, sliding front, automatic register, and can be used as a hand or tripod camera.

No Dark Room Required

If You have a **Daylight Kodak.**

$6.00 to $65.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Send for Circulars. Rochester, N. Y.

De Miel's Perfect Health Biscuit.

AN ENGLISH PREPARATION.

Rich in **phosphates, scientifically** prepared in combination with the **finest wheat flour** and other necessary ingredients. **Deliciously palatable** to the most refined taste. It is an established fact that **phosphorus,** an important **ingredient** in the composition of these biscuit, is the essence and centre of the human brain itself, and kindles afresh the fire of vitality from the soles of the feet to the crown of the head, restoring the fullest and most vigorous conditions of robust health of body and mind, and enriches the blood, invigorates the **brain, nerves,** and **muscles.** The digestion is invigorated, **appetite increases,** the **bowels** become regular, **sleep calm** and **refreshing,** the **lips red, eyes brighter, skin cleaner and healthy.** They insure **sound white teeth,** and arrest premature decay, showing the action on the organs of nutrition. Are a specific also for nervous and mental prostration, nervous dyspepsia. If not found at the grocer's, send 10 cents to **THE DAKE BAKERY CO., Chicago, Ill.** (Sole Manufacturers in the United States), for samples free by mail; also testimonials and price-list.

If you will send for the "People's Text-Book" (free) you will learn how to buy and take care of varnished things.

Varnish is one of the comforts or sorrows of life; depends on the varnish and you.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,

Franklin Murphy, President.

Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.

has just received from the U. S. War Department, Washington, **an order for 150 machines,** the largest order ever given for typewriters by any government or corporation.

This decision was based upon the many improvements and the superior mechanical excellence of the Smith Premier over all other typewriters.

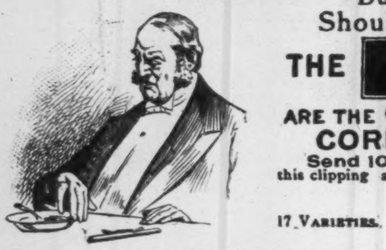
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BRANCH OFFICES:

New York, 293 & 295 Broadway.
Philadelphia, 335 Chestnut St.
Chicago, 154 Monroe St.
Omaha, Neb., 1609½ Farnam St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 214 Wood St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 166 Walnut St.
St. Louis, Mo., 208 No. 7th St.
Denver, Colo., 1629 Champa St.
Baltimore, Md., 11 East Baltimore St.
Buffalo, N. Y., 44 Niagara St.
Rochester, N. Y., 407 Powers' Block.
Detroit, Mich., 101 Griswold St.
St. Paul, Minn., Chamber of Commerce Building,
Boston, 25 School St.
Minneapolis, Minn.

"Dinner is Served"



But the Soup spoiled it all.—
Should have used "*White Label.*"

THE **WHITE LABEL SOUPS** HELMET TRADE MARK

ARE THE ONLY, INDISPUTABLY CORRECT, CONSERVED, SOUPS.

Send 10 Cents, or name and address of your Grocer with this clipping and 6 cents for sample can.

ARMOUR PACKING CO.
SOUP DEPARTMENT.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

17 Varieties.

This is the Famous **BOSTON CHEST WEIGHT**

For the Home or Gymnasium —the child or athlete.

Noiseless, Adjustable, Simple, Handsome.

A perfect and durable mechanical device which costs no more than the wonderful contrivances of string and iron which rattle and squeak and weary.

We are the largest manufacturers of Gymnastic Apparatus in the country. Come right to headquarters. It will pay you. Catalogue **Free.**

Consumers now get the Agent's discount of **25** per cent.

THE SCHUMACHER GYMNASIUM CO., AKRON, OHIO.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Founded by Dr. Eben Tourjée. Carl Faelten, Director.

Music, Elocution, Fine Arts, Literature, Languages and Tuning. A safe and inviting Home for lady pupils. Send for Illustrated Calendar.

FRANK W. HALE, Gen'l Manager, Boston, Mass.

FAIRY TRICYCLES

FOR LADIES, GIRLS AND BOYS.

FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.

$12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEP'T CHICAGO, ILL.

A CENT SENT BENT.

FREE FREE FREE

STRANGE, BUT TRUE! Send your address, at once, on postal, and learn how I GIVE AWAY a $1,000 Piano, a $300 Organ and three $50 Sewing Machines. Tell which you need. GEO. P. BENT, "Clerk No. B," Chicago, Ill., M'f'r of "CROWN" PIANOS and ORGANS. (Estab. 1870.)

BEATTY Piano, Organ, $23 up Want Ag'ts. Cat. FREE. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

Financial.

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,

Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

TACOMA Realty. Choice investments made for non-residents; 25 to 100 per cent. can be realized within next year. Lots from $100 and acreage from $10 upwards. Improved property rented now for 10 per cent. besides the increase in city and country properties. Ranches, garden, fruit, hop, farm, iron and coal lands, mining properties. Write E. F. Russell & Co., Tacoma, Wash.

10% NET TO INVESTORS! on FIRST MORTGAGE Improved Property Loans. Titles guaranteed. Personal attention given to every detail. Best references. Send for sample notes and mortgage used. JOSEPH P. BACHE, Salt Lake City, Utah.

8% GOLD MORTGAGES! On Inside Improved Property in **TACOMA.** SECURITY ABSOLUTE. Payable with New York Exchange. **Best References.** Address, Wm. E. Smith, Investment Banker, Tacoma, Wash.

By JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky, and Other Kentucky Articles. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

The contents of the volume are full of vigor, and the light and shade is judiciously distributed to produce the best results. . . . A better account of many features of Kentucky existence not generally understood has not appeared for many a day.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

These are beautiful sketches. . . . In all the tales there is a delicious spice of romance—while the artistic taste in which they are told makes them models of good story-telling.—*Observer*, N. Y.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price.*

NERVOUS DEBILITY

cured by the use of

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Tones the system, makes the weak strong.

Cures Others will cure you.

Hay-Fever Sufferers

Should read our new 112-page book on the treatment and cure of Hay-Fever and Asthma. Sent free on application.

"I have been a sufferer from Hay-Fever and Asthma from birth—26 years. I have tried all remedies that came to my notice without permanent relief. I am pleased to say that your medicines certainly cured me to stay cured.
W. L. WEDGER, Roslindale, Boston, Mass."

P. Harold Hayes, M. D.,
716 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE PURITANS.

THE PURITAN IN HOLLAND, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA. An Introduction to American History. By DOUGLAS CAMPBELL. Two volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00. (*In a Box.*)

The tone of the work is calm and judicial, and the style of the writer is clear and dignified, possessing a literary finish which gives the work a place of honor among our national histories. It will modify many prevalent conceptions of American history with its novel way of accounting for some of the things existing among us, but the facts the author summons from the results of his wide researches and his well-balanced judgment in dealing with these results, amply sustain him in the novel positions he assumes. The work is a classic of American history, and is an addition to the literature of the country of which we may be proud.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The more one scrutinizes this book the firmer becomes conviction that the brilliant and scholarly author has made his point and accomplished his end. The tone is rational and wholesome, and the book itself a memorial of careful and laborious investigation.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

It is a book remarkable for boldness, for breadth, for analytical power, for commanding generalization, and for piling up all this mass of learning and argument with comprehensive system, and in a way to interest as well as instruct any reader of intelligence.—*Chicago Times.*

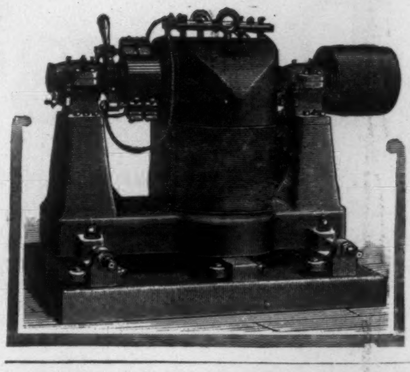
This work is destined to create a revolution in our early American history, as written by our standard historians. . . . In many respects it is the most important contribution to the colonial history of America that has yet been written.—*Lutheran Observer*, Philadelphia.

Mr. Campbell's contribution to the general history of civilization, and particularly to the history of American origins, is one of the most important of the century, and by all odds the most important of recent times.—*Brooklyn Times.*

A more interesting book of the kind has not appeared since Mr. Greene wrote his "Short History of the Euglish People."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*



Card Electric Motors

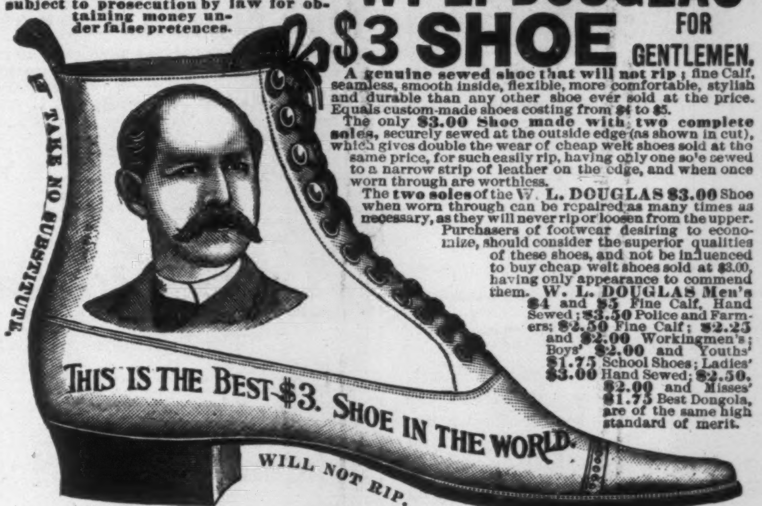
hoist heavy loads to any height, without either smoke and noise, or the expense of engineer, fuel and water, or danger from explosion.

Write for illustrated catalogue.

The Card Electric Motor & Dynamo Co.
CINCINNATI, O.

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas name and the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.



A genuine sewed shoe that will not rip; fine Calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The only **$3.00 Shoe made with two complete soles**, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut), which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once worn through are worthless.

The **two soles** of the **W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00** Shoe when worn through can be repaired as many times as necessary, as they will never rip or loosen from the upper.

Purchasers of footwear desiring to economize, should consider the superior qualities of these shoes, and not be influenced to buy cheap welt shoes sold at $3.00, having only appearance to commend them. **W. L. DOUGLAS** Men's **$4** and **$5** Fine Calf, Hand Sewed; **$3.50** Police and Farmers; **$2.50** Fine Calf; **$2.25** and **$2.00** Workingmen's; Boys' **$2.00** and Youths' **$1.75** School Shoes; Ladies' **$3.00** Hand Sewed; **$2.50, $2.00** and Misses' **$1.75** Best Dongola, are of the same high standard of merit.

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted, Postage free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Chicago to the Rockies

Either one day or one night out, by The Great Rock Island Railway; two grand through limited trains daily, "ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED" and "BIG 5."

No. 21, known as the "ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED," leaves Chicago daily at 10.45 A. M., arriving at Denver and Colorado Springs in the afternoon of the next day, *earlier than any of its competitors*—no extra charge.

"**BIG 5**" leaves Chicago at 10 P. M., and arrives at Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo the second morning, being *but one day out*, via Omaha.

No. 11 will leave as heretofore at 6 P. M., arrive at Kansas City at 9 A. M., and will reach Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo the second morning.

Our Colorado service is made perfect by this new "ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED" and the "**BIG 5**," and gives to the travelling public TWO FLYERS DAILY each way.

Manitou passengers should consult the map and time-tables of our line, to fully appreciate the advantages in time saved by taking this route when on their summer vacation.

E. ST. JOHN, *General Manager.* W. I. ALLEN, *Ass't Gen'l Manager.* JOHN SEBASTIAN, *Gen'l Ticket and Pass. Agt.*
CHICAGO.

20% SAVED in buying a **BICYCLE.** We have no agents, but sell direct to riders and save them agent's discounts. Standard makes. Full guarantees. Send 6c. in stamps for catalogue & particulars—20 styles cushion & pneumatics.
DIRECT DEALING CYCLE CO.,
Box 592, Baltimore, Md.

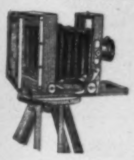
PLOWS' CANDY. Send $5.00 for a 5-lb. Box. Sent, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Very handsome presents. **78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.**

THE GENUINE HENRY'S MAGNESIA.

The best of all. Popular in England for more than one hundred years past as an invaluable household medicine. Sour Stomach (particularly in infants), Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness, and Heartburn relieved at once. Especially beneficial to the Gouty. Obtainable of Druggists. To avoid counterfeits, see that the label bears the name of W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & Co. as Wholesale Agents for the United States.

Kirk's Shandon Bells Toilet Soap.
LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.
An Ideal Complexion Soap.
For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap** send **25 cents** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Manufacturers and Importers of



PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, MATERIALS, CHEMICALS, AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and view Cameras in great variety of styles and prices. Lenses, shutters, dry plates, etc., etc.

THE BEST TEXT-BOOKS ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

Free use of dark room on main floor of our store.

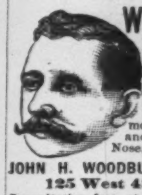
Fifty Years Established. **Send for Catalogue.**

RAMBLER BICYCLES.

Best and Most Luxurious.

G. & J. Pneumatic Tires Lead them all.

Catalogue Free.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
221-225 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
178 Columbus Ave., BOSTON. 1325 14th St., N. W., WASHINGTON.
1769-1771 Broadway, NEW YORK.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10c.**; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

By LAURENCE HUTTON

LITERARY LONDON.

Literary Landmarks of London. (*New Edition.*) 74 Portraits. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.

LITERARY EDINBURGH.

Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Curiosities of the American Stage. With Copious Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

LITERARY ESSAYS.

From the Books of Laurence Hutton. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. Uniform with Harper's American Essayists, comprising: *Criticism and Fiction*, by William Dean Howells; *As We Were Saying*, by Charles Dudley Warner; *From the Easy Chair*, by George William Curtis; and *Concerning All of Us*, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Any of the above works will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS, *postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*